

25th Year of Publication

The American Mercury

SHALL WE ABOLISH THE MARINE CORPS? *William B. Huie*

LIFE UNDER SOCIALISM IN ENGLAND *H. W. Seaman*

WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT DIET *James and Peta Fuller*

TEN FALLACIES OF FELLOW-TRAVELERS *William H. Chamberlin*

GLEN TAYLOR:
CROONER ON THE LEFT

Richard L. Neuberger

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The American Mercury

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SEPTEMBER 1948

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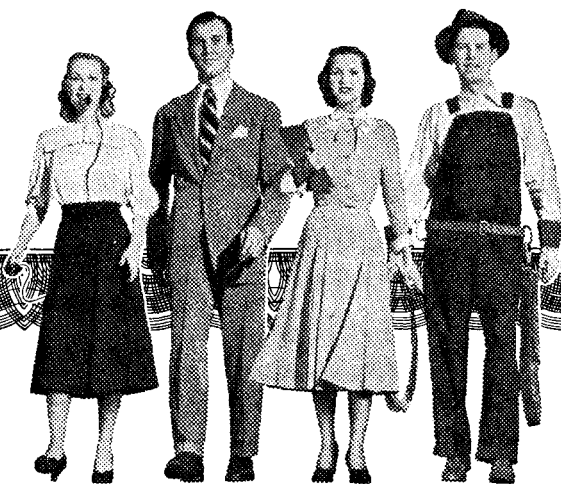
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YOUR RIGHT OF PRIVACY, by Mitchell Dawson. *A distinguished Chicago lawyer probes into one of the least defined areas of law — that pertaining to one's right to one's privacy. He illustrates his analysis with a generous number of very human cases.*

There will also be the usual departments: The Skeptics' Corner, The Library, The Soap Box, Down to Earth, The Open Forum, and The Check List.

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THE CHECK LIST

BIOGRAPHY

PAUL ROSENFELD, *Voyager in the Arts*, edited by Jerome Mellquist and Lucie Wiese. \$3.50. *Creative Age*. When Paul Rosenfeld died in 1946 in his fifty-sixth year, the more honest writers and editors of America realized with a start what a very important force had left the scene. Almost single-handed he had provided a place for "modern" American music and painting and, to a lesser extent, writing. He was a pure literateur both as critic and as editor. He always had his mind and heart on essences, and never for an instant looked up into the gallery. He sometimes wrote a clumsy prose and he was often more enthusiastic than discriminating, but he was always whole and clean and priestly in his devotion to art. In this volume are collected a large number of tributes to his memory by all manner of writers — Edmund Wilson, Robert Penn Warren, Lewis Mumford, E. E. Cummings and about thirty others. At the end are several letters from Sherwood Anderson to Mr. Rosenfeld. These letters offer ample testimony to the truly great influence of Mr. Rosenfeld: they are, in addition, uniquely revelatory of Anderson. Nearly all the essays are first-rate, but two merit special attention: those by Mr. Mellquist and Mr. Mumford. The entire volume is also a bitter indictment of the shabby manner in which the United States treats its real cultural benefactors: the past ten years of his life Mr. Rosenfeld had grave financial difficulties and in some magazine offices he had to identify himself to the editors. An excellent bibliography is appended.

OUR PARTNERSHIP, by Beatrice Webb. Edited by Barbara Drake and Margaret I. Cole. \$5.00. *Longmans, Green*. This volume is a sequel to the late Mrs. Webb's *My Apprenticeship*, and covers the years 1892-1911. It is autobiography heavy laden with extracts from the author's diary. The book runs to nearly 550 pages, but it is continually fascinating as autobiography, history, criticism, politics and romance. Without the Webbs there probably would not have been any Fabian movement in England; they gave it

(Continued on page 372)

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The American Mercury

GLEN TAYLOR: CROONER ON THE LEFT

BY

RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

MEMBERSHIP in the most exclusive club in the world does strange things to men. This club is the United States Senate. Only 96 individuals out of a national population of 145 million can enjoy its power and perquisites at any given time. These men are the legislative masters of America's exchequer, foreign policy and Federal personnel. They are also the occupants of sanctified leather-cushioned lounges where none except Senators may loiter.

The sumptuous environment of Senatorial life makes many members temperamentally unfit to go back to Elkhorn or Canyon City, where their political careers originated. Rare is

the ex-Senator who returns home. Washington is full of them, lingering pathetically at the scene of departed glory. The impact of the Senate affects different men in different ways. Some of them are carried away by their own importance. A few develop an abnormal craving for Bourbon and branch water. More than one has become the prisoner of a languorous mistress. Many are so exhilarated by the tension and drama of the capital that mere thought of exile to their home state is abhorrent.

Yet in all its turbulent history the Senate has had no more extraordinary influence on a new member than on Glen Hearst Taylor, the youngest

RICHARD L. NEUBERGER, a former member of the Oregon legislature, is a correspondent in the Northwest for the *New York Times* and a contributor to many national magazines. His profile of Senator Wayne Morse of Oregon appeared in the July 1947 *AMERICAN MERCURY*.

senior Senator ever to represent the sprawling state of Idaho.

The traditional effect of the Senate is to make a newcomer cautious and conservative. Power breeds conservatism, and Senators are powerful. Conservatism is also the well-worn path to salons, yachting invitations and to bank directorships after political retirement. But in A. D., 1948, a man unwilling to put in the long apprenticeship essential to Senatorial greatness might discover that a sensational and perhaps even reckless voicing of extreme left-wing opinions could be a short-cut to the prominence achieved by most Senators only after years of service. This discovery was made by 44-year-old Glen Taylor, Vice Presidential running mate with Henry A. Wallace on the national ticket of the "New Party."

Taylor entered the Senate in January of 1945. He had a reputation as a cowboy crooner, and he came from the shaky financial background of a small-time vaudeville performer in the frontier towns of Idaho and Montana. Indeed, not long before taking the Senatorial oath of office he had supplemented his skimpy income by working at a welder's bench for the Dohrmann Hotel Supply Company. The other Dohrmann workers refused to believe that "Glen," who had shared their sandwiches and hummed *Clementine* during lunch hours, was about to become a U. S. Senator.

Taylor arrived in Washington full of zeal to do something for the pioneer state which had honored him with its

highest public office. He would put over a Columbia Valley Authority modeled after the famous TVA. He told reporters his ambition was to emulate the career of the illustrious George W. Norris, who had come to the end of the political trail. "I hope to inherit the Norris tradition," he said. To prove these lofty intentions, he sponsored a bill for the Pacific Northwest almost identical with that Norris had innovated in the valley of the Tennessee. And he talked about the things Norris had talked about — public ownership of water power, the saving of timber and grass and scenery, restoration of exhausted crop lands.

Taylor had vowed his guitar would be stowed in mothballs the day he went on the Senate payroll. However, photographers convinced him that strumming an improvised bit of doggerel called *Give Me a Home 'Neath the Capitol Dome* would get the Taylors and their three small sons a place to live. After this front-page publicity in every newspaper in the land, the embryo Senator faded from the headlines.

The episode seems to have made a great impression on Taylor, even to the extent of shaping his subsequent career. He decided — perhaps not without some reason — that the press was more interested in comedy and sensationalism than in a Senator who wanted to be like Norris. He forgot, of course, that Norris had been in Congress at least a dozen years before he was accepted nationally as a leader

of liberalism, and that there was no magic formula for a hasty ascent to such leadership.

"If I play the guitar and croon sitting on a flight of granite steps, that's big news," Taylor complained to a newspaperwoman in Boise. "If I work in the Senate to protect Idaho's rivers and pine forests, that's barely worth a one-deck headline." A tendency to be obsessed by headlines was evident early in his Senatorial service.

In 1946 Taylor made another discovery. He found out that the Democratic party, which had elected him to the Senate on Franklin D. Roosevelt's coattails, was washed up for a good many years to come in Idaho. It failed to elect a single candidate.

Toward the end of 1947 Taylor, sifting the leaves in the political teacup, came upon a further revelation. He learned that by flirting with Henry Wallace's third party, by excelling Wallace himself in acceptance of prevailing left-wing doctrine, he could be headline material all the way across the nation. The young vaudeville entertainer, shoved around by sheriffs and booed by mining-camp audiences during much of his adult life, had become dissatisfied with the proportions of his sudden taste of fame. He wanted to drain the whole portion, regardless of its mixture. No longer could he wait to be like Norris. That took too much time.

Thus the Senator from the backwoods state of Idaho, where most voters have never seen a Communist, a dial telephone or a candidate for

Vice-President in the flesh, set out alongside Henry A. Wallace on a political adventure to defeat the Democratic party, which had sired them both, and to synchronize American foreign policy with that of the far-off Soviet Union.

II

Some Senators have been dazzled by wealth, others by liquor and high-living, a few by a coquettish glance above a tempting bosom. Glen Taylor succumbed to headlines. He found that by conducting an elaborate soliloquy as to whether or not he should join the new party under Wallace, he could linger on the front pages for weeks.

Not many people in Idaho ever doubted the eventual outcome of Taylor's spectacular consultation with himself. The letters he wrote home seeking counsel clearly invited a decision in the affirmative. "He was about as open-minded as a small boy asking if he should eat strawberry shortcake," said Sam J. Hyndman, chairman of the Democratic party in Boise, who had been one of Taylor's most devoted adherents. Hyndman told Taylor not to run with Wallace. So did practically all other friends of Taylor in Idaho, including some of his relatives.

Taylor did not welcome this advice. Already he was publicly reprimanding Truman for such misdeeds as the dismissal of James M. Landis and the demotion of Marriner Eccles. Of course, the President received

scant credit on the Taylor handicap sheet for his indorsement of a Columbia Valley Authority in his annual message on the State of the Union. In fact, Taylor was now far beyond the CVA stage of his political career. He did not refurbish this vehicle which he had ridden to office when tragic floods on the Columbia's mountain tributaries in northern Idaho demonstrated the need for its immediate enactment.

The young man brought up at Kooskia (pop. 490), where from his father's homestead he could see the wilderness path Lewis and Clark had trod to Oregon, was interested in things with greater dramatic potential than an Idaho village hip-deep in glacial runoff. A demand for head-water dams to choke off future floods meant sharing the flood — and headlines — with other Senators. But forcing one's way into the Negro-only entrance of an Alabama church, with some bruises on his shinbone to show for the experience — this could be Taylor's show alone. Indeed, he knew the newspapers would eat it up.

Glen Taylor is on an excitement jag. The adventure of running with Henry Wallace, particularly inasmuch as his utterances often are more startling than those of the senior member of this curious political partnership, provides him with a generous measure of excitement. Taylor's office is crowded with stimulating intellectuals and attractive young women. His first secretary, plodding, horny-handed George Curtis, who helped

make a troubador a U. S. Senator, has gone home to teach in an Idaho rural school. Taylor now requires more diverting companionship. He is the lion of cocktail parties bursting with movie, literary and Broadway names that a small-time vaudeville entertainer never ventured to dream of meeting in person. He seldom wants for an audience, and far more appreciative audiences, too, than those which watched a nervous musician and his slim wife trying to amuse miners from the creeks of the Coeur d'Alene.

Taylor is determined to get into the headlines, no matter what the cost. He confessed as much when he told the Senate:

My reason for riding a saddle horse to Washington in opposition to the Marshall Plan was simply this: In order to rate attention in the press, a thing must either be sensational, sexy or represent conflict.

Taylor also has discovered that intemperate language applied to the President offers a route to the front pages. This has resulted in references to "Hairbreadth Harry," and to "Truman's well-known mulishness." Even Senator William F. Knowland of California, a conservative Republican, has protested Taylor's slurs on the Democratic occupant of the White House. The protest was of considerable satisfaction to Taylor, for it resulted in further publicity.

Incidentally, the 44-year-old politician, who became Idaho's senior Senator following the death of John Thomas in 1945, seems concerned

about the quantity rather than the quality of his press notices. Prominence for him has meant notoriety rather than distinction. For example, the liberal St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, which hailed Taylor when he sought to protect the resources of the Columbia's mountain valleys, now scathingly refers to him as "a Bilbo in reverse."

One of Taylor's claims is that his constituents in Idaho look with some favor on his present behavior. The accuracy of this may be judged by an episode which occurred shortly before Wallace and Taylor himself chose Taylor to be second in command of the "10 million loyal supporters of the New Party." Taylor asked for a standing vote of approval from all in a Boise audience who "want me to continue my fight for world peace." Under such conditions it was obviously embarrassing to remain seated; one might be taken for a war-monger. The audience rose. A few weeks later Taylor told a Wallace-for-President meeting in the East that the Boise crowd had unanimously indorsed his opposition to the Marshall Plan.

One of the tragedies of Glen Taylor's excitement jag is that it has rendered him unfit for the legislative spadework expected of a conscientious Senator. It also has made him scorn the genuine opportunities for public good available to a member of the Senate. In fact, he has practically stopped attending Senate sessions. On issue after issue of alleged importance to the leaders of the New Party — oleomargarine, cost of living, social

security — Henry Wallace's running mate has not been present to cast a vote. He has been too busy promoting the New Party by word of mouth.

Displaced persons claim the verbal sympathy of the Wallace-for-President crusade. Rollcalls in the Senate were narrowly decided as the bill to admit 400,000 refugees to the United States was whittled in half, amended and hedged about with restrictions. Yet as these votes were taken, Glen Taylor was not to be found. He was absent during all of them. The Senate seat so laboriously won through the efforts of hundreds of volunteer doorbell-pushers in Idaho was of no value to the liberal cause in the hour of need.

Of course, Taylor was in his seat when the Marshall Plan came to a vote, for opposition to this scheme for bolstering hungry Europe is the hallmark of the Wallace cause. One only can wonder whether, in that moment, the young man who came to the Senate to be like Norris was slightly uneasy over the fact that he was voting in perfect harmony with Pappy O'Daniel.

III

Vaudeville may not prepare a man for the substantive work of politics, but it gives him the voice, finesse and stage presence so helpful to election.

"I've dodged enough vegetables in my time," says Glen Taylor, "not to be afraid of a few political brickbats."

On the hustings he is completely at ease. He answers questions adroitly.

Vardis Fisher, the Idaho novelist who wrote *Children of God*, has political views not too far apart from those of Westbrook Pegler, yet he has remarked, "I imagine Glen Taylor must be one of the great public speakers of our time."

Taylor can well-nigh take command of a town with a sound-truck. He has a rich, mellifluous voice which he softens to hushed and muted tones as he describes the peace and prosperity sure to follow the arrival of Henry Wallace at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. Again, he can pour forth a booming tenor, like the Phantom of the Opera drowning out Paris street sounds, as he urges his Republican adversaries on to war against Truman, whom he detests even more:

If the Republican Party would inform the American people of all the crooked things going on in this government, how militaristic it is and how fascistic it is, why, good Lord, this administration would not have any more chance of being reelected than a snowball has in the hot place!

Sex appeal has had a part in the ascent of this singing troubadour from the floorboards of run-down theatres to the unparalleled forum which is the United States Senate. Women frequently dominate his Idaho audiences. College girls send for his picture. Taylor has large, luminous eyes which effectively express his emotion at any moment. A Francis X. Bushman profile and a wavy black pompadour give him a Roman Senator appearance. His gestures are suave and polished. Gossip hints that the pompadour is rooted to

a toupee rather than to Taylor's scalp, but this slur has not snuffed out the rapture of his female admirers.

If his own youth and intensity help him with Idaho's long-legged and athletic distaff voters, the dark prettiness of Mrs. Taylor attracts support from the opposite side of the family line. Dora Taylor, who was the other half of the Glendora Players during the lean years on the stage, is said to be opposed to her husband's frolic with the third party. She is a member of his office staff, but has not been able to restrain his appetite for headlines, notoriety and cheering crowds.

Taylor's native political shrewdness was shown in the manner Mrs. Taylor went on the government payroll. Had this been done in silence and secrecy, it would have been nepotism, ultimately to be ferreted out with trumpets and fanfare by his political opponents. Instead, he made political capital of the situation in a letter to a newspaperwoman in Salt Lake City.

"Mrs. Taylor is working in the office with me," he wrote. "She always has worked with me, as everyone in Idaho knows, so I am making no bones about the matter. In fact, if she weren't working, too, I would despair of making ends meet. There are a certain number of formal affairs which we must attend, and of course practically all of them call for a new gown, so Mrs. Taylor really is just paying her own way."

What generally has been political dynamite was suddenly a political asset. Instead of being assailed for add-

ing his wife to the Federal salary register, Taylor had succeeded in putting over the fact that although he was as poor as a church mouse, his wife nevertheless was toiling six days a week so that she might represent the great state of Idaho with style and distinction.

No exaggeration was required to indicate the Taylors' financial position. Glen's father was an itinerant minister named Pleasant John Taylor, who put on minstrel shows to keep his large family in groceries. At the age of fifteen Glen, who never had a formal education, was playing bit parts with nomadic stock companies. His first rôle, with hair thickly powdered, was that of a grim banker supposed to be at least 65.

Glen was eighteen when he owned a half interest in a theatrical troupe which went broke in the depression of 1922. A decade later, Glen and his bride of less than a year found themselves with a stage company but without money. The great depression had caught up with them. Glen read a book by Stuart Chase called *A New Deal*. Over the radio he heard a speech by President-elect Roosevelt. "I decided," he recalls, "that I could do a better job than the politicians who had let things get into such a fearful mess."

Taylor ran for Congress, then for the Senate. He was defeated twice for the Senate, but each time he ran stronger. A strange circumstance worked to help him. As the reputation of the late William E. Borah di-

minished, Taylor's formidability increased. He was the only man in Idaho politics not charitable toward the memory of the Senator who had been Idaho's dominant public figure for nearly half a century. Death usually adds luster, but a vast sum of cash had been found in Borah's safe-deposit box after his death. Furthermore, Borah had prophesied no war in Europe and he had sabotaged the League of Nations, but Idaho boys were dying in Normandy and over the Ploesti oil fields. Angry parents were saying it was "Borah's war."

As the standing of Borah, the isolationist, ebbed in the state where the highest mountain peak still bears his name, the fortunes of the young cowboy singer who advocated world government improved. In 1940 he had not been far enough forward to get a firm clutch on FDR's magic clothing. But in 1944 he had hold for all he was worth. Roosevelt carried Idaho by 7,262 votes. Taylor's majority for the Senate was almost exactly the same.

Despite the presence of Roosevelt at the head of the ticket, no one who lacked superb skill as a campaigner ever could have been elected Senator from Idaho under the circumstances which confronted Glen Taylor. His own party looked upon him as an interloper and crackpot. O'Daniel in Texas had at least been a hillbilly with funds. Taylor was broke. Most of the press opposed him ferociously. Democrats as well as Republicans circulated a set of lascivious letters, os-

tensibly from Taylor to his divorced first wife. Police denied him street permits for his sound truck and cow-boy band. Winning merely the nomination was a feat of considerable magnitude.

Idaho is a feudal state, held in absentee bondage by railroads, sawmills and mining companies owned far afield. The local representatives of the absentees had ironclad orders to work against this eloquent crooner who, between renditions of *Allouette* and *Roundup Time*, wedged in remarks about exorbitant freight rates and the looting of Idaho's timber.

But the people came out to hear Taylor. The very virulence of the campaign against him proved a boom-rang; it assured him of large audiences. He was disarming in manner and appearance. Voters could not believe that this good-looking young man with the resonant voice, whether raised in song or oratory, was the monster described in the newspapers. When police hostility kept him out of towns, he parked his truck beyond the city limits and attracted a bigger crowd than he would have otherwise. The Lewiston *Tribune*, one of the few moderate dailies during the bitter campaign, shrewdly saw that Taylor's opponents were actually building him up.

The tragedy of Glen Taylor is that he has dissipated the victory which was won against these crushing odds. Few states ever needed a liberal Senator more than Idaho—a Senator such as Taylor originally hoped to be,

a Senator like Norris. This sort of Senator might end Idaho's absentee feudalism. The case has ample documentation available to an indefatigable man with a Senator's influence. Unfortunately for Idaho, Taylor lacked the patience and humility to construct his career in this fashion. The Wallace candidacy offered too inviting a shortcut to prominence. Taylor could not resist it.

Today, although his term has nearly three years to run and he is the state's Senior Senator, Taylor is utterly without influence in Idaho. The state has no left wing, and he is anathema to conservatives and liberals alike. Democrats see in him a stalking horse for the Republicans, who, in turn, regard him as a tool of the Communists. Worst of all, memory of this experience will crouch on the shoulders of any future progressive in Idaho politics like the Old Man of the Sea on Sinbad the sailor. People inevitably will recall the apostasy of Glen Taylor, who pushed aside riches in solid opportunities in his home state for the will-o'-the-wisp flitting before him in the hands of Henry Wallace.

IV

Glen Taylor denies he is an apostate. He insists that the Democratic party has abandoned him, rather than that he deserted the Democratic party.

Yet, to say the least, his fixed principles have been modified since he exchanged the hazardous living of a troubador for the majestic atmosphere

of the Senate. The Columbia Valley Authority no longer is a sufficiently glamorous issue to demand his frequent attention. Far from being an advocate of internationalism, he now finds himself voting on crucial questions of foreign policy with such men as O'Daniel, Wherry, Brooks and Kem.

Is Taylor a Communist? This question is frequently asked by people who have heard him denounce the United States for aggression or call Secretary Forrestal "a potential Hitler." What else can be inferred from the conduct of a man who blames Truman and Marshall for the Russian conquest of Czechoslovakia? People in Idaho, however, believe the issue is not that simple. They doubt that their Senator is a Communist. They think he is more interested in promoting Taylor than in advancing Communism. Many of them claim he has joined the Wallace movement because it offers not only a quick if dubious fame, but also because it might be in a position to come to power nationally should an industrial depression grip the United States.

The last depression affected Glen Taylor deeply. He suffered through it. Once or twice he and his wife traded wilted vegetables, which had been pelted at their act, for coffee and doughnuts at a wayside diner.

Taylor's friends insist he believes implicitly that the American people will turn sharply to the left or to the right the next time they are the victims of widespread unemployment.

If the people veer left, the Wallace-Taylor crusade may be the political beneficiary of the swing. Under such circumstances, it could be that the pupil would become greater than the master. Henry Wallace is 60, Glen Taylor only 44. Youth is an important asset in the grim intensity of national politics.

It seems fairly certain now that Taylor regards his future as brighter elsewhere than in Idaho. He is becoming increasingly disdainful about keeping up his correspondence with the home folks. He often exhibits a fretful impatience toward visitors who feel, in the best American tradition, that their Senator owes them a bowl of bean soup in the famous Senate Restaurant when they tour the capital. Taylor also is fully aware of the fact that his bolt of the party has ended what slight chance Idaho Democrats had this year to retire the state's other U. S. Senator, an arch-conservative named Henry C. Dworshak.

In fact, there are veteran Democrats in Idaho who insist Taylor would rather sit alongside Dworshak, who is a convenient foil for him, than with a Democratic liberal who might challenge his mounting lack of interest in problems barren of headline-appeal yet of crucial concern in Idaho.

Politicians in Birmingham, Alabama, rarely state profound truths. Yet men and women in distant Idaho nodded approvingly when City Commissioner Eugene (Bull) Connor of Birmingham asked Senator Glen Tay-

lor, who had just spectacularly invaded Alabama to end discrimination against Negroes, whether he ever intended to do anything about the Idaho constitutional provision barring Chinese, Japanese and American Indians from jury duty and civil office.

Just where Taylor's meandering and dubious course will end him is not easy to say. But surely the groups he claims to speak for — the people of Idaho specifically and American liberals generally — are not going to be benefited by it.

RESPITE

BY MARY ATWATER TAYLOR

I hung a wreath upon my door,
The neighbors asked, "Who's dead?"
I peered out through the shuttered blinds,
"I am, you fools," I said.

"For only thus and only so
Can I ever be alone,
So weep your tears and trim your grief
And make your proper moan.

Come to my little funeral
And smell the pretty flowers,
And when you leave, in sleek black gloves,
I'll snatch my waited hours."

The undertaker folds the chairs,
The hearse has rolled away,
I wrap myself in solitude
And there, kind friends, I'll stay.

SHALL WE ABOLISH THE MARINE CORPS?

BY WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE

ANY new administration in Washington with ambitions toward efficiency will, first of all, have to oppose and defeat the admirals of the United States Navy. For under the Roosevelt and Truman administrations the Navy bureaucracy has proliferated beyond reason, and the admirals have beaten back all efforts to confine the Navy to its proper rôle in an atomic age. Mr. Truman has tried to effect reform by promoting unification. But the President's will for unification has been thwarted by his personal chief of staff, Admiral William D. Leahy, and by his Navy-dominated Secretary of National Defense, Mr. James Forrestal. So any real reform — any real unification — must wait upon a new administration.

In the July *MERCURY* (in "Navy Brass Imperils Our Defense") I explained how the admirals are building 14,000 airplanes for the Navy "air force" — more airplanes than we shall have in the Air Force "air force." Here I shall explain how these same admirals are expanding the Navy's "army" to duplicate the Army's "army."

Marine soldiers, as the adjunct of a Navy, are a relic of imperialism. In the halcyon days of sea power, when battleships were the best diplomats and navies carried the White Man's Burden, when units of the British Fleet policed remote areas of the world, there was an occasional need for a warship to send a party of armed men ashore to quell an uprising among the aborigines.

Marines were the policemen of empire, the armed guard for the admiral, the settlers of small-scale scraps. They were, moreover, the policemen of the navy itself. Marines made the arrests and inflicted the punishments on sailors; they guarded the navy's shore stations. The British Navy used them; so did the Dutch and French; and, more recently, so did the Japanese.

Since the British Navy was the pattern for our own, we had marines as early as we had a warship. A few of them fought at Tripoli, and they began building the traditions and *esprit de corps* which is part of our national heritage — and which, of course, should not be dissipated.

During our Big Stick era the Ma-

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lines made several excursions into the "banana republics," and in the First World War two regiments of them saw combat in France. It was not until the Second World War that our Marine Corps — or any marine corps ever — became an "army." An admirals' army. The admirals expanded it to 500,000 men; they filled it with draftees; and, with 300,000 Seabees and other units, they built themselves an army of a million men.

And this force was, indeed, an "army." It could do anything the Army's "army" could do. It was equipped for sustained land operations; it had its own land-based tactical air force; it pretended to be nothing else but an army. With it — as Admiral Halsey never tired of boasting — the Navy was a complete war organization in itself, and all that was needed to attain unification was for "everybody in the Army and Air Force to join the Navy."

The admirals used their army to fight the Japanese, but they also used it to fight MacArthur in the long struggle for supreme command in the Pacific. MacArthur, too, had an army, one which could make landings just as the Marines did. MacArthur hated the Navy bureaucracy; the Navy hated his bureaucracy and feared his personal prestige; and the two rival bureaucracies fought a full-scale war in the Pacific *against each other*.

This fratricidal war began in 1942 when, after MacArthur had reached Australia from Bataan, the President proclaimed him "supreme commander

in the South Pacific." The admirals, who were determined to make the Pacific war their own, immediately began a campaign in Washington to change this, and two weeks later the President "clarified" MacArthur's position by explaining that he was supreme commander only in the *South-west* Pacific. This was done to give the admirals supreme command in the impending Solomons operation and to help justify their building a million-man army to compete with MacArthur.

From the Solomons to the surrender in Tokyo Bay — where the admirals claimed they were given "cavalier treatment" by MacArthur — the MacArthur-Navy feud was prosecuted bitterly. MacArthur's airplanes could have supported the landing at Guadalcanal by bombing the Japanese bases in the Admiralties; but this "Navy show" had not been "coordinated" with MacArthur. At Leyte Gulf Admiral Halsey left MacArthur's landing force virtually unprotected on the right flank while he sped off after a phantom Jap fleet, and a major disaster was averted only by the grace of God and the stupidity of the Japanese. Navy headquarters at Guam, where I was a correspondent, went in mourning after Okinawa when it was learned that the pay-off landing on the Japanese main islands was to be a "MacArthur show."

To fight the Japanese the American taxpayer was forced to support two separate, competing war machines in the Pacific.

II

It would have been bootless for an American to be either pro-MacArthur or pro-Navy in that conflict. MacArthur finally won it; he became supreme commander and signed the surrender documents. But whoever won the MacArthur-Navy war, the American people lost it. We paid in blood and money, and all because we had entered the war with an outmoded, dual war organization which allowed two old bureaucracies to struggle against each other for money, power, "command position" and prestige.

It's also bootless to debate whether the soldiers in the Navy's army were fiercer fighters than the soldiers in the Army's army. I landed with the Fourth Marine Division at Iwo Jima and they were magnificent; I landed with the 16th Regiment of the Army's First Division at Omaha Beach and they were surely the equal of any Marine unit which ever fought under the American flag.

Uniforms don't make much difference to American fighting men. At Bataan and Bastogne, Tarawa and Iwo Jima — they were all Americans.

In the European Theatre during the Second World War the Navy's "army" was not employed at all, and the Navy's "air force" saw action only from jeep carriers against German submarines. All the great landings against our principal enemy, from North Africa to Normandy, were made without the assistance of either Marines or the Navy's air force.

In short, our Navy had only the brave rôle of a "fleet"; the admirals didn't run the whole show, they were only part of a team — and they didn't like it.

In any Third World War the Navy again will have only the rôle of a fleet, and it is in their efforts to avoid this fate-worse-than-death that the admirals are now squandering our billions trying to out-air force the Air Force and out-army the Army.

I was one of the Americans who thought that, for tradition's sake, the Marines should have been allowed a part in the Normandy show. That was the One Big Show — the largest amphibious operation in history. Didn't the American Marines deserve a rôle? The Marines thought so. Efforts were made to get at least a regiment of Marines in the cast. Didn't the Marine flag and *Semper Fidelis* deserve to be planted on Omaha Beach?

General Eisenhower said no. It is reported that he heard of Marine publicity guns being wheeled up in London's Grosvenor Square, and he may well have assumed that, even with no more than a regiment, the Marines would try to prove that they had virtually won the war. Hadn't they "proved" it in the First World War? Anyway, there were no Navy soldiers at Normandy.

In the next war — if we can achieve unification — perhaps there will be no "Army shows" or "Navy shows." Perhaps there'll be only American shows; and our Marine divisions —

with their boasts and their traditions — can fight alongside our Army divisions — with their boasts and their traditions — but all a part of one American “Army.”

111

Since the end of the Second World War there has been a constant wrangle over the “rôle” of the Marine Corps in the atomic age. General MacArthur and others believe that the Corps should be abolished; while the admirals have insisted that it should be an army of 340,000 men, and they grudgingly accepted the present authorization of 100,000.

Those who believe the Corps should be abolished reason in this manner: The days of imperialism are gone. Warships no longer cruise the world despatching shore parties to quiet the natives. In the air age there is no need for twenty or fifty soldiers to live aboard a warship on the chance that they may be needed for police duty. If any of our embassies in the “banana republics” suddenly need protection, troops can be flown there in a few hours.

The admirals interject: But look what the Marines did in the war against Japan. We’ll need many divisions of Marines in the war against Russia.

And the abolitionists reply: Yes, the Marines fought gallantly in the Second World War. But in that war we fought two enemies. One was a first-rate land power; the other a second-rate island sea power. Against

Germany we first had to fight an air war. We had to cripple German industry and attain superiority over a continent. Then our armies moved in. And in this war against Germany, a continental power, we employed no Navy soldiers, no large aircraft carriers. Not one of our landings was supported by carrier aviation. Our Navy had the rôle of a fleet: it protected our shipping, fought submarines, its destroyers knocked out shore batteries, it delivered our troops to the beaches.

Against Japan our Navy had a rôle more satisfying to the admirals. There the Navy tried to be the whole show — army, air force and fleet. Small island bases were seized until Japanese industry was within reach of the B-29s with their fire and atom bombs.

Now how will it be against the USSR? As it was with Germany or as it was with Japan? Will we have to capture islands in a war against Russia? All the important islands in the world are either ours or on our side. Stalin has no surface fleet and no plans to build one, so Russia can’t use islands against us. Obviously then a war against Russia will be something like the German war, not like the Japanese. From Spain, Africa, England, Iceland, Japan and Alaska, our air fleets must atomize Russian transport and industry, attain air superiority over a continent; then our ground or airborne troops can move.

And in such a war what need will there be for a Navy army or for mammoth aircraft carriers?

When the admirals attempt to justify the Navy army, they insist that they need their own particular army in order to conduct "naval campaigns." The recent Navy-rigged Key West Conference came up with such jargon as this:

The Marine Corps, within the Department of the Navy, shall include land combat and service forces and such aviation as may be organic therein. The Corps shall be organized, trained and equipped to provide fleet marine forces of combined arms, together with supporting air components, for service with the fleet in the . . . conduct of such land operations as may be essential to the prosecution of a *naval campaign*.

Now, first, what is a "naval campaign"? What sort of "naval campaigns" will be waged in the Third World War? The USSR has no important islands, no surface fleet to supply islands if she had them; and even if Russia succeeded in getting an island base, one of our atomic bombs could destroy it.

And even in the unlikely event that we should need to conduct a "naval campaign" against a remote island, why couldn't the admirals draw their "land combat forces" from our Army? And if the admirals need tactical, land-based aviation to support these land combat forces, why can't they draw this aviation from the Air Force?

The Air Force furnishes tactical aviation to the Army's army; why shouldn't the Air Force furnish the land-based tactical aviation to the Navy's army?

In short, why must the Navy recruit, train, and maintain its own land army and its own land-based aviation on the remote chance that in an atomic age it might conduct a "naval campaign"?

Consider this nonsense from the Key West Conference:

The Marine Corps shall have primary interest in the development of those landing force tactics, technique, and equipment which are of common interest to the Army and the Marine Corps.

What can this mean? It states the obvious fact that the Army and the Marine Corps have a common interest. They both make amphibious landings. They both fight on land. They are both "armies"; they are, in fact, identical. It says that the Marine Corps shall have *primary* interest in whatever is of *common* interest!

As a matter of fact every young soldier in the Army's "army" must be trained to make amphibious landings — exactly as the men in the Navy's "army" are trained — because making landings, either from the sea or from the air, is *the primary business of our Army!*

Here is more from the Key West Conference:

The Marine Corps shall train and equip, as required, Marine Forces for airborne operations, in coordination with the Army, the Navy, and the Air Force in accordance with policies and doctrines of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. And the Corps shall develop, in coordination with the Army, the Navy, and the Air Force, doctrines, procedures, and equipment of interest to the

Marine Corps for airborne operations and not provided for in previous paragraphs.

Coordination is a word dearly beloved by all bureaucrats. It is estimated that about one fourth of all the officers in the Army's army, the Fleet, the Navy's army, the Air Force's air force, the Navy's air force, and the Navy's army's air force are now engaged in "coordinating activities." There are so many "joint committees" for coordinating identical activities that nobody has any time to prepare for war.

Is the Navy, too, to have an "airborne army"? The Army's "new army" is to be almost completely airborne. How will the Navy's "airborne army" differ from the Army's "airborne army"?

Here's the Key West clincher:

The Marine Corps shall be responsible . . . for the expansion of peacetime components of the Marine Corps to meet the needs of war.

This gives the admirals the right to begin even more vigorous competition with the Army the moment war is imminent. It approves in advance a bigger and costlier MacArthur-Navy conflict, and makes certain that the next war will be divided into "army shows," "navy shows" and "air force shows."

IV

The Marines are supposed to be a forthright lot, so how do Marine officers themselves justify the Corps in an atomic age?

The present commandant of the Corps is an amiable, 55-year-old Tennessean, General Clifton Bledsoe Cates. A veteran of Verdun and Belleau Woods, of Guadalcanal and Iwo Jima, he is a fighting man, a Leatherneck, an asset to his nation. I asked him to justify the Corps.

"Well, we're a small outfit," he said. "A hundred thousand men. We spend \$340 million a year. That's about as much as the Air Force spends to develop one jet fighter."

I pointed out that 100,000 men was the size of our entire Army in 1934. I also reminded him that \$340 million was only the "direct" appropriation to the Marine Corps. The Navy furnishes the Corps most of its services — such as medicine — and purchases the Marine airplanes, etc., so that the actual cost of the Navy's army is nearer \$700 million a year. When the Army's army was the size of the present Marine Corps, the appropriation for it was about \$1 billion a year.

I asked General Cates why it's necessary for us to maintain two armies.

"We are a little army and the Army is a big army," he replied. "We are supposed to handle landings and little operations in *naval campaigns*. The Army is for large-scale operations."

By this reasoning a city should hire a little police force to quell little riots and a separate, big police force to quell big riots. Then when a riot broke out the mayor would call a council meeting to decide which police force was to be given jurisdiction.

I assured the General that I wasn't an enemy of Marines; that, instead, I was an admirer of Marines and all their brave traditions; that, far from wanting to see Marines abolished, I hoped to see them given even larger and more clearly defined responsibilities in a unified organization. Then I asked him why he thought Marines had to remain a part of the Navy.

"We've always been a part of the Navy," he said. "As long as we remain a part of the Navy we can remain small — relatively — and we can maintain our *esprit de corps*. If we become a part of the Army, or a part of such a unified force as you suggest, well, we couldn't be Marines any longer."

I then proposed a plan to General Cates.

"Suppose, General," I said, "that the American people conceded that the Marines are our 'landing' experts. Suppose we agreed that from now on all the landings to be made by American forces — from ship, airplane or rocket — will be spearheaded by 'Marine divisions.' Suppose we said to you that you are no longer a part of a bureaucracy called the Navy but a part of the United States Fighting Forces. And suppose we gave you complete responsibility for assault landings in the Third World War. Could the Marines handle the job?"

The General smiled cagily. "You're trying to trap me off base," he said. "Questions like that just get us in trouble with the Army. We don't want to fuss with anybody. Let the

Army run its show and we'll run ours. We don't want any fights."

There you have the difficulty. And there you have the explanation of why any reform in the war organization must be demanded and dictated by *civilians*. These men who head these bureaucracies — good citizens and good soldiers that they are — cannot be objective. Their first responsibility is to preserve and expand the organization which promoted them to power. They must defend the status quo; they must justify the present with the past.

v

The proper solution is obvious to most Americans. We don't need an Army "army" and a Navy "army." We don't need Army divisions for "Army shows" and Navy divisions for "Navy shows." We don't need Air Force tactical aviation to support Army ground movements and Marine tactical aviation to support Marine ground movements. We don't need a little army for little landings and a big army for big landings. Modern war is complex enough without this additional refinement.

The United States of America needs one "army" — just one organization of soldiers whose business it is to disembark from a ship, airplane or rocket, seize a beachhead, then drive to the objective. We need just one "air force" — one organization of flyers whose business it is to spray bullets, fire, or explosives on enemy concentrations. We need just one "navy" —

one organization of sailors whose business it is to manipulate warships. And because all three overlap and each is dependent on the others, we need one single, unified war organization, with one staff, and directed by one responsible commander-in-chief.

There is no reason why the Marine Corps should lose any of its traditions or any of its *esprit de corps* in such a sensible reorganization. The Marine divisions could remain Marine divisions.

The old cavalry was once a very proud and dominant part of the Army. It's gone now, but the "cavalry" regiments and divisions which rode with Custer and Sheridan still carry their standards proudly. Marine officers could remain marine officers. They wouldn't need their own recruiting organization, for unified recruiting could assign to them all the more combative young volunteers.

The Marines could shed at least one irksome task. The Navy discovered during the war that older men make better policemen than young Marines; so, once the Marines were assigned exclusively to assault, the admirals could relieve them of the job of nurse-maiding drunken sailors.

In a unified organization, too, as Marines got older and lost some of their beans, they could be assigned to second-echelon divisions where the gore was not quite so deep but where they could live a little less dangerously. The best age for assault troops is nineteen — while they are still flushed with the valor of ignorance — when they get to be 25 they are too old.

Once three or four Marine divisions were assigned exclusively to assault in a unified organization, the divisions in our present so-called Army could concentrate on more varied assignments. They could be armored divisions, rocket divisions, glider divisions, or whatever else seems indicated for a possible war with the Soviet Union.

A unified force would give America more protection, more efficiency, for less money.

The Marines have nothing to fear from unification. In their present rôle they are just a pawn of the admirals in the bureaucratic power game. They are an army for use only in "naval campaigns." In a single organization the Marines could assume a rôle more in keeping with their traditions.



WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT DIET

BY JAMES AND PETA FULLER

ALL the propaganda about balanced diets, vitamins, amino acids, "basic seven" foods and "hidden hunger" cannot disguise one plain truth — that we know appallingly little about human nutrition. Enough is understood about the food needs of laboratory animals to produce a race of super-rats any time we happen to want one. But with human beings it is otherwise. To the embarrassment of dieticians and food advertisers alike, a steady stream of fresh (and often conflicting) data has issued from nutrition laboratories to challenge many of the food and diet theories we once trustingly accepted.

Most nutritionists will reluctantly admit the rudimentary state of their science. "Few people," according to Charles G. King, scientific director of the Nutrition Foundation, "realize how limited our knowledge is, in regard to human nutrition. For example, we still do not know what chemical elements and compounds must be supplied to the human body to meet its basic requirements for health and growth."

The lower animals appear to have no such problems. At Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine, Dr. Curtis P. Richter allowed his laboratory rats to select food at will from a rat cafeteria. The results were remarkable. Unconfused by theories, conditioned tastes or by synthetic flavors and odors, these animals made (from a nutritionist's standpoint) an almost perfect choice of foods. They grew as fast as rats kept on a standard scientific diet, they were healthy and normal, they reproduced, they showed no signs of deficiency and they lived longer than could ordinarily have been expected.

When supplies are available, the food sense of the lower animals seems almost flawless. The gray squirrel, when food is abundant, eats the nutritious germ of corn and discards the rest. (We eat the rest and discard the germ.) The University of Missouri Department of Soils noted that, with many different hybrids of corn to choose from, hogs will select only corn grown on soil that has a high mineral content. In warehouses, rats

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tend to be choosy about what bags of feed they raid, going after only the best. And insects are said to ignore "enriched flour" rather pointedly.

Equally wise were the babies in the much-discussed series of experiments by Dr. Clara M. Davis in Cleveland and Chicago. Given a wide choice of foods, these infants were allowed to eat whatever and as much as they wanted. One baby ate seven eggs at one time, another dispatched four bananas, and a third gobbled down a pound of lamb at a sitting. But these excesses were soon balanced by switches to other foods. Although the combinations were often unorthodox, each child in the course of six months had balanced his diet among fats, carbohydrates and proteins. His calory count was very close to what science says it should be. One child with a severe case of rickets voluntarily took enough cod liver oil to heal the bone lesions completely. Digestive disturbances were fewer, and gains in weight and height greater, in the experimental group than in the control group fed in the conventional, tedious way.

Again and again, laboratory findings attest the validity of simple folk wisdom about food. Savages, foraging for essential foods (including calcium) in African jungles, eat a great variety of leaves from shrubs and trees. If these are too coarse or unpalatable, they burn them and eat the ashes. In China for centuries the traditional gift to a young mother just delivered of her baby is a pig'sfoot pickled in

vinegar. This delicacy is nutritionally perfect, since pig'sfeet supply much of the calcium lost by a mother to her baby before birth.

Enterprising nutritionists, who made a survey recently of the Otomi Indians in the Mezquital Valley in Mexico, found that food deficiency diseases were uncommon, although these people were eating few of the foods usually considered essential. Their home acres are arid and their soil is barren, so they eat almost no meat, dairy products, fruits or vegetables. Instead they live on tortillas, pulque (fermented juice of the century plant) and such edible plants as malva, maguey, yucca, purslane, pigweed, sorrel, wild mustard flowers and sow thistle. The nutrient value of this menu had never been measured, so the investigators froze a sample diet and sent it to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology for chemical analysis. There it was calculated that the daily intake of the Otomis was not only adequate but actually superior in nutrient content to that eaten by an average urban group in the United States (which was being studied at the same time). This was no surprise to the MIT scientists, since their studies have shown that there are more foods rich in essential nutrients in Latin America than in the United States.

II

The nutritionists have been less than overjoyed by these studies. Some of them have cast doubt on the validity

of the Richter and Davis experiments and concluded, without much supplementary evidence, that taste and appetite are not biologically valuable guides to good eating but, rather, annoying obstacles that distract people from eating what is good for them. The prejudice is understandable. What price dieticians if, at least in the presence of abundance and variety, we choose so wisely, unaided?

The trouble is that we know comparatively nothing about the function of appetite and food preference in the human being. Are, for instance, heredity, race or climate the factors that explain the tolerance of highly-seasoned dishes by the Dutch in Indonesia and by the Mexicans? Does our digestive mechanism extract more nourishment from food when we enjoy it? How unnatural can our food prejudices get? Dr. Conrad A. Elvehjem of the University of Wisconsin, who is scientific advisor to the Nutrition Foundation, put it this way:

It is also important to know more about the compounds that give food their taste appeal, their flavor and aroma. Why do some people hate liver and other people like it? Why do some like Limburger cheese while others are nauseated by it? Sooner or later chemists and physiologists must get together on this subject. I am also afraid that most biochemists interested in isolating compounds from biologic material have tried to use raw or unprocessed foods. We need to know what compounds may be formed during processing. What happens during cooking?

Habituated to denatured and processed foods, artificially colored and

flavored, our taste mechanisms may lose their powers of discrimination. And there are other penalties for "civilization." Dr. Samuel Brody of the University of Missouri points out that:

Dietary selection in modern man is not always motivated by biologic wisdom. Instead, biologically irrelevant traditions, fashions, prejudices, prestige symbolism and advertising often govern the choice of food. Some of the most nutritious foods have the lowest prestige value. The most nutritious parts of animal carcasses are often visceral, most of which are discarded as offal. Yellow corn is superior to white corn but Southern whites prefer white because the yellow is "nigger food." Sharecroppers avoid river fish because "fish is eaten by them river rats" (social inferiors). . . . On the other hand, canned and packaged foods are highly esteemed by the rural poor because of their high prestige value. They are "city foods."

And how, Dr. Brody asks, can we distinguish between natural tastes and acquired prejudices? Can man follow his personal preferences or must he lean on the nutritionists? With scientists from left to right contradicting one another and yesterday's "indispensable" food element proved suspect today (and likely as not restored to prestige tomorrow), how do we recognize a good meal when we see one? Especially when such experts as Dr. Anton J. Carlson of the University of Chicago admit, "We have no accurate quantitative measure either of health or of physical or mental efficiency."

To confuse matters further, much

of what nutrition scientists do know runs directly counter to popular beliefs. A Western trucking company several years ago reasoned, logically enough, that "Vitamin A cures night-blindness. Carrots contain large quantities of Vitamin A. Eating carrots will cure night blindness." Forthwith, all drivers were provided with bags of raw carrots and it was soon proclaimed that the number of night-time accidents had decreased. Only two things were wrong with this picture. No clear-cut evidence exists that taking Vitamin A improves vision, day or night. And carrots, while unquestionably high in carotene, have been shown by University of California experimenters to yield only one sixth as much Vitamin A in the human body as scientists formerly assumed. Quite possibly it was the crunching and not the carotene that kept the drivers wakeful and so improved their scores.

Remember the vogue for eating compressed yeast cakes? Fresh bakers' yeast, nutrition researchers had found, was alive with B vitamins, notably thiamin and riboflavin. So millions downed their yeast, grimacing but happy in the belief that they were being nutrified. Yeast had the vitamins, all right, and still has. The trouble is, it retains them. And even worse, as University of Wisconsin scientists recently reported, the yeast cells, except when cooked, probably steal some of the thiamin released by other foods. (Raw clams, carp and a number of other sea foods do the same

thing. They contain an enzyme that destroys thiamin. Clam chowder is still safe, however; cooking destroys the enzyme that destroys the vitamin.)

Spinach is rich in iron and calcium, and iron and calcium are needed by the body. The inference would appear to be obvious. And so all good children have eaten unwelcome acres of the stuff and survived to discover, too late for reprisals, that these valuable minerals are not present in spinach in forms the body can easily use. Spinach, like carrots, has a lot of potential Vitamin A but it is doubtful that we absorb much of this either. And spinach also contains oxalic acid, a substance no one would knowingly proffer a trusting infant.

Probably the most persistent single food fallacy of our times, one that no amount of debunking has completely wiped out, is that fish is a brain food. The belief is harmless of course, since fish is apparently a good enough food in any case. This myth was popularized by one of the most eminent scientists of the nineteenth century, Louis Agassiz, professor of natural history at Harvard. Knowing that fish are rich in phosphorous and that phosphorous is an essential item in the human brain, he made a deduction which might better have been postponed until more data was available. If there is a specific food for the brain, nutritionists have yet to ascertain it.

The double orange juice of the Club Breakfast has also become an American morning must. We must get our Vitamin C (ascorbic acid). Dr.

Robert C. Hockett, scientific director of the Sugar Research Foundation, reports, however, that one average-size orange contains all the Vitamin C a normal human being can absorb in a day. The body does not store this vitamin. The ascorbic acid in the second orange, not to mention the acid in most other fruits and vegetables eaten during the day, is eliminated by the body as superfluous. All that is got from any oranges after the first, therefore, is a certain amount of sugar, water and flavor.

III

The dieticians are less a prey to popular superstitions than the public, but the area of their admitted ignorance is vast. It has been relatively easy for them to assay each of our common foods and determine the exact content of known nutrients. From there on in, though, there is mystery. We don't know how much of each nutrient the body assimilates or synthesizes, or how. We know very little about the interaction of food elements (there are 30 known anti-vitamins as well as 30 known vitamins), and we don't know exactly how much of them we need. And the value of vitamin supplements — except in cases of known deficiency, and even there opinion is divided — is decidedly open to question. The *American Journal of Public Health* reported last year: "No indication was found that sporadic or regular use of vitamin pills among United States troops exercised any effect whatever." *Feces*, it is inter-

esting to note, are often rich in vitamins. And cancerous tissue has been shown to be richer in many vitamins than normal tissue.

What about the widespread popularity of "starting the day right" with a substantial high-protein breakfast? The meat industry made capital out of this idea. But Dr. John Haldi, professor of physiology at Emory University, cast considerable doubt on the value of the practice after testing among some industrial workers. Efficiency, level of work output and incidence of mid-morning letdown were the gauges he used. It turned out that the toast-cereal (high carbohydrate) eaters and the bacon and egg eaters were equally efficient. Then, to everybody's consternation, Dr. Haldi discovered that just as good work was done by those who ate no breakfast at all. And to confuse matters still further, other researchers found diets high in fats and carbohydrates to be superior to high protein diets.

The legend of widespread malnutrition in the United States apparently got its start in 1940, shortly after the National Research Council published its highly-controversial table of Recommended Dietary Allowances, setting minimum daily requirements for various nutrients. That this was a faulty and generally unreliable yardstick, raised deliberately high "to be safe," is now conceded by most nutritionists.

At the time of publication, the Council admitted that "it is amazing how few standards can be laid down

with any degree of uniformity of opinion." But the damage was done: the table became the dieticians' bible. Programs were built on it, balanced diets were dreamed up to meet its standards, and surveyors, using it as a guide, produced horrendous, headline-making claims that 100 million Americans were undernourished. The data was based mostly on the memory of whoever happened to answer the questionnaire for the family. Few physical tests were made. In any case, the Medical Nutrition subcommittee of the Council admitted recently that "no symptoms or physical signs can be accepted as diagnostic of early nutritional failure."

Somewhat sounder studies are now being made by Dr. Haldi on groups and individuals in many sections of the country and at all income levels. So far, no alarming number of outright nutritional diseases has been revealed. As to sub-clinical deficiencies, Dr. Haldi believes that all current tests of measuring them are extremely unreliable, especially since the body seems to adapt itself to low-level intakes of various "essential nutrients" without apparent damage.

Wartime nutrition research, based on extensive examination of human subjects, is beginning to yield data that may modify, if it does not entirely reverse, old concepts and create new ones. At least it is making dieticians think twice before drawing conclusions from the food needs of white rats. Dr. David B. Dill, scientific director of the Army Chemical Cen-

ter's medical division, recently warned the Quartermaster Corps that good rations for soldiers and civilians cannot be based on feeding experiments with rats who are neither at war nor at work.

The carbohydrate-fat-protein argument may go on forever, but men in a tough spot seem to know instinctively what they want most from these foods. The Quartermaster Corps found that troops going into combat discarded all their rations except those containing sugar and starch. Under stress, they unconsciously selected foods that would furnish quick energy. This behavior was so widespread that a special "invasion ration" of quick-energy foods was eventually devised. The crews of combat planes similarly demanded candy, cigarettes, chocolate and gum for flight rations, whatever the dissenting nutritionists might think. And they wanted fried eggs for pre-mission breakfasts, even though scientific studies showed that cereals and toast ought to raise their ceiling by an extra 2000 feet. Commenting on the nutrition findings of the Army during the war, Dr. W. B. Bean of the Cincinnati General Hospital, wrote in *Nutrition Reviews*:

There was a clear demonstration that the acceptability of foods, a factor neglected until surprisingly late in the war, was a factor of great importance in nutrition. Skill in the preparation of food was as important as the food itself in promoting acceptability.

But it is the vitamin theory, in its over-emphasized form, that seems to

have been the most spectacular diet casualty of the war. In a well-controlled study of human starvation and its consequences, Dr. Ancel Keys at the University of Minnesota found that 32 conscientious objectors who volunteered to go on a six-months starvation diet (1760 calories plus 49 grams of protein) suffered severe weakness, depression, fatigue, anemia and loss of weight. But the diet produced few, if any, unequivocal signs of vitamin deficiency. Later, in building the men back to health, a high-calory diet speeded the return to normal but vitamin supplements had little apparent effect on recovery. In confirmation of these findings, it has been reported that Europeans, starved to emaciation (as in concentration camps), showed few if any indications of vitamin deficiency.

A year-long study of the effects of a daily vitamin supplement on the health and development of children was undertaken in England in 1943-44. As reported in the *British Medical Journal*, 1620 school children (5 to 14) were divided into two groups. One group received, daily, a capsule containing Vitamins A and D, thiamin, riboflavin, nicotinamide and ascorbic acid; the other a placebo (harmless pill). The vitamin children did not come off any better than the others as to growth, strength, endurance, fatigue potential, or the incidence or severity of clinical conditions.

One of the most valuable surveys of the relationship between diet and efficiency has just been reported by

the U. S. Army Nutrition Laboratory under the title, *Analysis of U. S. and Canadian Army Ration Trials and Surveys, 1941-1946*. After exhaustive feeding experiments with large numbers of Army men from New Brunswick to Georgia, the nutritionists decided that simple caloric deficiency is the greatest single menace to health and efficiency; that true vitamin deficiencies, even of the sub-clinical variety, are so rare as to be inconsequential.

Then, in conclusion, they stated that "high carbohydrate and high-fat foods are better than high-protein foods," and that "emphasis on nutrient value should stress calories all the time. If sufficient calories are eaten in the form of a variety of foods of good biological value, then all other nutrients will automatically be taken care of."

This is a very recent report and it sounds conclusive. But so have a lot of other pronouncements on nutrition sounded conclusive in their day. There appears to be nothing for laymen to do but put up a determined skepticism and examine each new statement critically. That, at least, is what Professor E. P. Cathcart of the University of Glasgow's physiology department is doing. Professor Cathcart is the authority who wrote the nutrition section for the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. Two years ago at a meeting of the Nutrition Society of Great Britain, he made a few remarks that might well be pasted in every dietician's hat. He said:

Far too much of the so-called research work on nutrition has been carried out by individuals with little or no biological training. . . . We have got to deal not with a series of robots but with living human beings, with their likes and dislikes, their hopes and fears, their griefs and joys. As Durig wrote in 1938 regarding the pathetic desire to lay down dietary standards, "People who are free to choose their diet will not bother with such standards, those whose diet is prescribed for them, or who cannot afford a proper diet, cannot bother about them; and even specialists and professors of dietetics cannot, and in any case will not, construct their own daily diet according to standards." . . . Any diet, it is obvious, can be regarded as defective if you put your so-called standards high enough. . . .

We are repeatedly told that some people or other are getting 1500 or 2000 calories a day. The statement obviously means nothing unless the composition of the food from which the calories are derived is known. Calories are merely convenient heat units for drawing up the physiological balance sheet. Calories have no nutritive value. . . .

Protein certainly can, when given within certain limits, stimulate the rate of growth in the lower animals. . . . Will speeding up the growth of children increase constitutional well-being? Does maximum growth make for health and longevity? There is certainly some evidence that it does not. There is no evidence that muscular work is carried out more effectively on a high-protein diet.

Fortunately, eating is a pleasure as well as a refueling operation. No one is going to give it up for lack of definitive evidence from the laboratories. Man is an ingenious and adaptable creature who has survived countless millennia of theory and superstition. He might even learn to adapt himself to processed foods and dietetic fashions.

And in the absence of reliable guidance, he might as well eat, drink and be merry and tomorrow die of it — or of something else — with or without the help of science.

PHRASE ORIGINS—36

TO PETER OUT: *This is a term borrowed from the gold-mining profession. The process of extracting gold from deep beneath the surface of the ground generally requires blasting. In the old days, the explosives used contained saltpetre, called by the old mining hands "peter." When constant blasting had finally exhausted a particular vein, it was customary to say that it was "petered out." After a while, the expression flowed into America's linguistic mainstream.*

LOUIS JAY HERMAN

LIFE UNDER SOCIALISM IN ENGLAND

BY H. W. SEAMAN

REMEMBER the rumpus Loretta Young stirred up when she was moved to pity by a British reporter who said he was wearing whiskers because he could not buy razor blades? Sir Alexander Maxwell, chairman of the British Tourist and Holidays Board, gave Loretta a prompt ticking-off, declaring that such remarks might do serious harm to his cause of coaxing American tourist dollars to Britain.

Whatever any visitor may say about life in England under the Socialist Government today is certain to be denounced from one quarter or another. For the English are exceedingly tetchy these days, and I, as one of them, submit that they have plenty to be tetchy about.

Here I am at my desk, smoking the ordinary gaspers of commerce that cost \$.70 for twenty, and trying to figure it out: Has Socialism in England succeeded or failed? Is it the doorstep of the Servile State, which Hilaire Belloc said long ago would inevitably be brought about by the State invasions of human rights? "Unless we restore the institution of

property," said he, "we cannot escape the institution of slavery."

In those days people who called themselves Socialists believed that Socialism meant freedom and wealth for all. But today we have Aneurin Bevan, Minister of Health, proclaiming that it is more blessed, more social, to rent a house from a public authority than to own a house, and actually forbidding us to build houses for ourselves, even with our own material and our own labor. And we have Sir Stafford Cripps, our most powerful politician, warning us that unless we toe the line that is ever drawn more tightly for us, "someone will be called on to force us to comply as the only alternative to disaster." This is not the Socialism that the well-meaning humanitarians of the last century saw in dreams. But it is what Socialism was certain to bring to pass.

Not long ago an English lecturer wrote in the inevitable book about his tour of the United States that England was 50 years ahead of America in social legislation. That may be true, but how much happier are the people for "owning" the coal mines, but not

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their homes; for "owning" the railways, but not the right to use their own roads; for putting their lives and destinies into the hands of politicians? In the *New Statesman*, a Socialist organ, a GI veteran who served in this theatre of war is quoted thus: "You may have had social security since Lloyd George, but you still can't go into a store and buy a quart of milk and then another quart."

Brother, we cannot buy one quart in a store, and if more than two quarts are put on a doorstep in a week, a spotter may count heads in the household, and the householder and the milkman may land in jail. To give away milk, or even to sell it before the politicians have laid hands on it, is one of thousands of offenses that have been created by the Departmental Orders which are being issued at the rate of eight per day.

"If you sell a green onion smaller than $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches in circumference," says Harold Macmillan, Tory MP "you are liable to fine or imprisonment. Very kindly, the order tells you that the onion's dimensions are to be measured by taking its circumference at right angles to its axis."

To learn what they may or may not do, shopkeepers must *purchase* from the government Stationery Office copies of Board of Trade regulations and orders as fast as they pour from the presses. In the last twelve months there have been more than 30,000 prosecutions for disobeying departmental orders, in the enforcement of

which a large army of officials is employed.

The ordinary citizen sees in shop windows Czechoslovakian china, colored, at high prices. The only British-made crockery on sale is white; the colored is sent abroad. He hears that we are buying from France men's clothing material of a quality inferior to that which we export. He hears also that exports are not nearly enough to close the dangerous gap, that foreign markets are drying up, and that it is all his fault for not working hard enough — not the fault of the government, which controls all our foreign buying and selling and refuses to allow businessmen to handle their own goods and mind their own business.

Each of us gets four clothing coupons a month. A suit costs 26 coupons, an undershirt four. Coupons must be surrendered for handkerchiefs and neckties, and even household linens. A pair of sheets takes a woman's clothing coupons for three months. These austerities are not due to shortages. On the contrary, goods mock us from the shelves. Textile chiefs report that there are enough of their goods piled up in the warehouses to absorb 480 million coupons worth of clothing. There is a similar surplus of shoes, but the mass of people cannot spare coupons for them.

A year or two — or three, or four — of making-do and mending, with an end in view, such as we had in war-time, might have left us at least something to wear comfortably if not proudly on our bodies and beds, and

to hang in our windows. But after six years of war and nearly three years of Socialism "everything has seemed to go at once." I hear that every day. People also say, "When this is all over . . ." They speak of the present ordeal as they spoke of the war — as a calamity that will surely pass. Some say that Socialism itself is the calamity, and others that Socialism will end it this year, next year, sometime. . . .

Meanwhile, under Socialism, anyone who kicks is told that he is anti-social. Housewives march in protest, and Mr. Shinwell calls them "infantile and irresponsible." When doctors refuse to be dragooned into wage-earning public service, Mr. Bevan calls their professional association "a small body of politically-poisoned people." Public opinion is denounced as "raucous clamor."

I hope I commit no similar social error when I disclose that present-day London after dark is little brighter and much less lively than it was in wartime. Only half the street lights are on. Theatres are doing good business, but most of them close before ten o'clock, and then for most people there is nowhere to go but home. Better hurry, because the subways close early, and if your home is in a suburb, say Hampstead, you will have to grope in the blackout, for in the suburbs all of the street lamps are extinguished at 11 P.M.

The government forbids the wasting of electricity on lighted signs of any sort. A Torquay shopkeeper who contumaciously lighted his window by

means of a dynamo driven by a wind-mill on the roof was commanded, by virtue of No. 2510 of Standing Regulations and Orders, to switch off. "The bad psychological effect" of such lapses from uniformity is officially deplored.

II

What of the psychological effect of this multitude of regulations and of the drabness and darkness that encompass us? While we fought the war, light was what we longed for. "When the lights go up again" was the song, and we pictured the shining eyes of children seeing street lamps for the first time. The lights did come, and bliss it was in that dawn to be alive; but how were we to know that it was one of those rosy dawns that bring in dismal days?

After three years of what Clement Davies, the Liberal party leader, has called "the most reactionary government since the days of Lord North" we are worse off than when we started. Railway fares and coal prices are up, and motor cars are laid away. We cannot travel up and down the island, and it's difficult to step off it. Our letters can be opened and searched. A butcher says to me: "I really believe that customers are looking hungry now. They look at me, cutting a piece of stringy imported mutton, as if they could eat *me*. Or is it my imagination?"

Writes Keith Chessels in the *Glasgow Sunday Mail* from his experience with government departments:

Why can't we grow more food? Because we must export much of our agricultural machinery. Why? So that foreign countries can grow more food. Why? So that they can export it to us. Why? Because we cannot grow enough ourselves. Why? Because . . .

The fruit of the hen is nearly as scarce as its teeth proverbially are. Anyone who gets one egg a week, legally, is lucky. But, as with other foods, black market eggs can be had, at high prices. A visitor from afar notes that a flock of chickens most often numbers exactly 49, and wonders why. The answer is that anyone with 50 or more hens must register with the Government, which claims all his eggs for the market, at Government prices. So flocks are reduced to 49 by people who, left to themselves, would raise more chickens and produce more eggs.

It is pretty generally agreed that most of us get less food than we did before the war, but a considerable body of opinion holds that we all get enough to support reasonable health. When mail-carriers, through their union, ask for the 35-pounds maximum of their loads to be lowered, opponents of the Government point to lack of proper provender. Government authorities estimate that rationed and other obtainable foods provide about 2800 calories per person per day — rather less than the allowance given to the inmates of British prisons before the war.

If a cow is ill, according to the East Anglian *Daily Times*, a farmer in a re-

mote district is entitled to use petrol to summon a veterinarian; but if his wife is ill, he must walk or bicycle to get a doctor. A businessman who applied for petrol coupons to enable him to go to work by car, because the bus service did not get him there on time, was given half the coupons he needed, reports the St. Helen's *Reporter* and told that, though he could go to work by car, he must *come back* by bus.

When the ordinary citizen goes to eat at a cafeteria and passes the cashier with a laden tray, she tells him the price, and if it is more than 2s. 3d., she removes the surplus with a large pair of tongs. A restaurant that keeps its price for a meal below 2s. 4d. is exempt from certain disabilities that afflict more expensive establishments.

Anyone can buy two and three-pence worth of sandwiches; but he who spends a penny more must give the names and addresses of the people who are to eat them. This is the law, God help us all!

III

The apparent indifference of the man in the corner pub to the country's desperate economic plight is the wonder of all beholders and the despair of the politicians, whose warnings and threats fail to shock him. He may lack some of the comforts that he formerly enjoyed, but he has money in his pocket, social security and more social security to come. His rations are meager, but they seem cheap, thanks to the illusion created by the £470

million a year that he and other taxpayers yield in food subsidies. Freedom? He has long been accustomed to obey promptly at 10 P.M. when the pub-keeper called "Time, please." Everybody else has to clear out too, and that is good — it is equality. He cannot run a motor car, but neither can his wealthy neighbor, and both can travel hundreds of miles in motor buses, to the beaches or to football matches. He cannot spend money on a trip abroad, but before the war he never went farther than Boulogne, on a day trip. On the whole, he is little worse off than ever he was, and there is always the chance that a lucky shot in the weekly football pool may make him rich.

The politicians he voted for promised him a five-day week, and he has it. If he loses his job, he has to go to a Labor Exchange and be "directed" to another of the Government's choosing, but what of that? A spot of compulsion would be good for some of those spivs and drones.

Most of us are now so accustomed to "social engineering," to being herded into neighborhood units grouped round community centers, to being ticketed and docketed in all our ways, that only reactionaries like myself bat an eye when Dr. Edith Summerskill, Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Food, says: "A woman having a baby is supplying one of the most important pieces of machinery — if I may call a baby a piece of machinery — of the State."

Twenty-two years ago Hilaire Bel-

loc, seeing even then the way things were going, said:

Two things are probable — not certain: (1) that compulsory labor will come; (2) that it will be given some name not remotely connected with the idea of slavery or compulsion.

There is quite a chance that the words "loyal" and "loyalty" will capture the position, and that a few generations hence we may have placards on the wall: "Notice: a disloyal employee of the Meat Trust is at large," with a description of him following, and then we shall have "loyalty" courts for trying and punishing people who rebel against compulsory labor.

We have them now, but we have been conditioned to absorb the shock. John A. Harrington, aged 28, of Bath, threw up his job as a builder's carpenter when work was slack and applied to Bath Labor Exchange for other employment. He was told that he must go back to the job he had quit or go to prison for three months or pay a fine of £100. He went back.

In a letter to the *Daily Telegraph*, A. E. Storridge of Kilburn points out that if both Karl Marx and William Wordsworth were alive and working today, a government official could decide that Marx was spending his time usefully in the British Museum, but that Wordsworth was a drone, idling in the Lake District.

William McCombe, a builder, told Lord Hazelrigg in court at Leicester: "If I work, I am liable to a fine or imprisonment; if I don't, I am a spiv." For building two garages and the foundations of two bungalows he was fined \$650. Householders of Basing-

stoke, Hampshire, who wanted to decorate their own houses were warned by a High Court ruling that they must not spend more than £10 a month on the work — including payment to themselves for their own labor at union rates. A man in Jarrow who laid a crazy pavement in his garden without a license was acquitted of crime when he explained to the magistrate: "The highest official of the Ministry of Works in Newcastle stated that no license was needed, provided cement was applied not by a trowel but through a watering-can."

Meanwhile, the country swarms with public officials: 700,000 in the state service and many hundreds of thousands in the municipal services. Many of them enjoy motor cars, priority in railway travel, and other privileges denied to the rest of us.

"If you fall into a Government job," says the *Daily Express*, "you can look forward to world travel, unrationed hospitality, and almost complete insulation from the rigors of austerity. Privilege is no longer earned by merit. It is handed out as a sop for services rendered in the cause of Socialism."

Socialism in England, which has never had a Sherman Act or any other effective law against combination in restraint of trade, now operates as such an overwhelming combination in restraint of trade that it is a long time since I have heard anybody say, "This is a free country, isn't it?" — except with a wistful smile. This is not to say that the British people

have lost their spirit. There is abundant evidence that if they were allowed to work out their own salvation, under the direction of men who understood their work, they would find means to do so.

Millions of them would disagree with the dark picture that Charles Morgan presents in the *Sunday Times*:

The walls of the prison close in day by day; the area of enterprise shrinks. Day by day the ceiling of opportunity is lowered. The prisoners are charged more for the expense of the multiplying jailers. Food and drink diminish in quantity and quality month by month. There is no incentive to bold undertakings except a heartless propaganda which urges all dogs collectively to jump the moon while keeping chained each dog with a spring or heart in him. Socialism, as now interpreted, is competition without prizes, boredom without hope, war without victory, and statistics without end.

Yet millions also realize that there is much truth in the picture, and they are sad to see this sweet and lovely country, which has served and suffered, brought to such a plight. Some stout hearts seek to emigrate because they seek scope, as Englishmen have always done, for their enterprise and vigor. Some faint hearts, also seeking to get away, ask what the government will do to help them, and whether the government will guarantee their social security in lands overseas.

But the stoutest hearts of all stay right here because they feel that in spite of all the mischief that politicians have wrought, Britain can be made free again.

THE WORLD POPULATION CRISIS

BY ALBERT A. BRANDT AND JAMES E. PAYNE

IN THE hundred years of the nineteenth century the population of the earth grew more than it had in the entire previous history of man. The million or so years prior to 1800 saw the number of people slowly increase to a total of about 700 million. In the nineteenth century this figure more than doubled, rising to 1.7 billion. And today, despite two decimating wars, there are 500 million more.

"You can dismiss these figures as dull statistics if you want to," said Dr. Henry Pratt Fairchild, the renowned population expert, in a recent interview, "but they are the most important figures in the world."

Consider a frightening but very real possibility: Suppose the earth's population doubles again in the next hundred years! If it does, the human race will have doomed itself to frightful living conditions. Even allowing for spectacular advances in agriculture and industry, the earth simply could not support 4.4 billion people in the year 2048. There would be the constant threat of famine, pandemic dis-

ease and unthinkably vicious wars for survival. Under such conditions the nationalist cry for *lebensraum* would cease to be only a clever propaganda device.

The ability to reproduce is one of the most amazing phenomena of living organisms. Two oysters, if left to themselves under ideal conditions could in five generations produce a mass of descendants eight times the size of the earth. Man is less prolific, but he, too, has the physiological capacity and the psychological drive to bring more offspring into the world than can be provided for.

Before 1800 the hazards of nature offset the high birth rate and kept down population growth. Infant mortality rates appear to have ranged as high as 500 per 1000. The diseases of old age, which were little understood, took a terrific toll. Devastating plagues often swept whole continents, leaving the survivors to endure repeated famines and wars. In the middle ages the Black Death wiped out two thirds of the population wherever

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it struck. The wonder is that three quarters of a billion people managed to stay alive at any one time.

As a result of advances in medical knowledge and sanitation, however, the death rate began to drop toward the latter part of the eighteenth century. It is difficult to say just when, or at what rate, this reduction took place. National population counts are a distinctly modern development, and birth and death registration are unreliable even today in many parts of the world. But from one of the few early sources, we know that the death rate in Sweden dropped from 27.9 in 1790 to 11.7 in the decade ending in 1940. A similar change undoubtedly took place in the other "modern" countries of Europe.

Birth figures were likewise unknown until recent times, but according to the best estimates they were substantially higher during this transition period than the death rate, probably averaging at least 30 per 1000. The drop in crude death rates, combined with the continued high level of the birth rate, was what sent population figures sharply upward.

While medicine and sanitation were being improved, shelter and living room also became available in enormously greater measures. By the end of the eighteenth century the vast new territory of the Americas had been tamed and lay open to development. Canada, Australia and New Zealand were now able to receive the European overflow. Land was to be had for the asking, and the fron-

tier life in the New World made large families both possible and desirable. And the departing immigrants left more room for families in the Old World.

Population expansion was further accelerated by the industrial and agricultural revolutions. The new techniques in farming, and the development of new and improved crops increased the amount of food which could be grown on an acre of land. The swelling flood of goods, the creation of new jobs and the augmented food supply made it possible to provide for a steadily expanding population.

For all of these reasons the earth's population increased by a billion in a hundred years.

II

Why, then, are the governments of so many nations in Europe taking frantic steps to raise the birth rate and lower the death rate? If over-population is such a serious threat to the future peace of the world, why is birth control fought so bitterly?

To answer these questions requires considerable delving into statistics, but the answer is so startling it is well worth the time and patience required. In 1944 the League of Nations commissioned the Office of Population Research at Princeton University to make a study of world population trends. Some time later, the OPR came up with a series of dramatic predictions. Europe's population, it said, was increasing by 10 per cent each decade. This increase will level

off during the next twenty years. And an actual decline will set in by 1970!

This report upset the English government so badly that it established a Royal Population Commission to investigate the situation in the British Isles. On September 28, 1946, a White Paper was issued based on the Commission's findings. It declared bluntly that the trend toward smaller families and the practice of birth control threaten "the numerical strength, even the survival of the nation," and that there was a serious threat "of a gradual fading out of the British people."

The Commission found that the birth rate had dropped from 35.3 per 1000 in 1870 to 15.8 in 1942, and that the total population would begin to decline by 1960. The experts also confirmed what some statisticians had been saying for years: that the British population, like that of many other European countries, is growing relatively older. Since 1901 the percentage of British people under fifteen years of age has dropped from 32.5 to 20.5. Similar decreases have taken place in the 20-40 age group. The child-bearing segment of the population is steadily growing smaller, and the old, non-child-bearing group is growing larger. Sir William Beveridge, Director of the Statistical Office of Britain, has estimated that by 1951 there will be as many old-age pensioners as children, and that by 1971 the children will be in the minority.

France is in even worse condition. According to a report by Robert

Prigent, Minister of Population, France began the war with 41.5 million people and ended it with 40.3 million. There are two women for every man: 4.5 million men over 25 are bachelors and 7.5 million marriageable women are single. The report also showed that the divorce rate has tripled since 1940; that half a million abortions are performed every year; and that 10 per cent of all children die during the first year.

It is difficult to evaluate population conditions in Germany, but Dr. Heinz Sauermann of Frankfurt University predicts that unless some unforeseen factor enters the picture, war losses combined with the natural population decline will reduce the number of Germans 50 per cent by 1996.

In other words, while world population as a whole continues its rapid growth, Great Britain and the nations of Central and Northwestern Europe are sinking into numerical insignificance. They can aptly be compared to a man who has passed his prime and is facing old age with no guarantee that he will be taken care of by his younger neighbors.

Many reasons have been advanced for the population decline in these countries. Some writers have attempted to lay the blame on a lowering of "biological energy" in the Western World; but there is no convincing scientific evidence for this view. The trend toward urbanization undoubtedly played a large part, for city life has never been as favorable to large families as rural life. In 1820,

for example, New York City had 827 children under five years of age for every 1000 white women 20-44 years old. In the rural areas that same year the ratio was 1286 per 1000. By 1940 the totals had changed, but the rate was still lower in the city: 332 to 584. In general, the American city population is not reproducing itself, but the country is overproducing by about 40 per cent.

There are other factors, too. New land is no longer easily available. Because of laws against child labor and changing attitudes, children are no longer economic assets but distinct liabilities. And most important of all, there has been a revolutionary change within the marriage relationship caused by birth control.

It would be difficult to over-estimate the importance of the development and spread of birth-control knowledge. As Dr. Fairchild has said, "It permitted for the first time a differentiation between two of man's most powerful urges: the desire to mate, and the desire to have children." Just as man found ways of outwitting nature and forcing the land to support increasingly greater numbers of people, so he has found ways of outwitting nature and regulating the number of offspring he shall have.

Birth control involves tremendous responsibilities and raises some basic questions. Shall we in the older countries determine an optimum population total and then deliberately restrict our numbers to that total? Shall we agitate for similar control in

other countries? Or shall we continue our efforts to keep our birth rate high and our population increasing?

Few people would dispute the fact that it would be better to limit our population to an optimum number than to permit in America the conditions which already exist in some parts of the world. Few Americans, for instance, would enjoy living in Japan, which has a concentration of 2500 persons per square mile of arable land; or in Java, where the comparable figure is 1200. But there are two areas of sharp disagreement among those who are trying to find a solution to the problem.

The first disagreement centers around the religious-moral issue. Is birth control the logical, scientific answer to the problem; or is it immoral, sinful and opposed to the laws of nature? The cleavage in this dispute is so profound that it may well prevent the Western world from taking any action whatever.

The second difficulty is the almost hysterical battle over the definition of the term "optimum population." Some authorities still insist that increased industrialization and planned immigration will control the problem for years to come, that there is no need to limit population. The men who hold this view are in a minority among sociologists, but their views are nonetheless prevailing in most government agencies concerned with the problem. Great Britain, for example, is trying desperately to raise its birth rate, despite the fact that it

already has 488 people per square mile, and the population is badly underfed. And the USSR, with a birth rate of over 40 per 1000, has an elaborate system of government grants to parents, designed to raise it still higher.

Under the terms of the edict of 1944, each Soviet mother is paid a bonus of 400 rubles on the birth of her third child, with the bonuses increasing at each subsequent birth all the way to 5000 rubles for the eleventh. In addition, each mother is given a monthly allowance ranging from 80 rubles for the fourth child to 300 rubles for the tenth. Unmarried mothers receive a monthly allowance of 100 rubles for one child, 150 for two and 200 for three until the children reach the age of twelve. They also receive the regular allotment accorded to married mothers after the third child. If they wish, unmarried mothers may enroll their children in state institutions where they are cared for by the government. All working mothers, regardless of their marital status, are given 77 days maternity leave with pay, in addition to their regular vacations. There is, moreover, a system of special honors which have been awarded to nearly a million mothers. The Motherhood Medal is presented to those who have borne and reared five or six children; the Order of Glory of Motherhood to those who have seven, eight or nine; and the Order of Mother Heroine to those with ten or more.

France has tried many expedients

since the first World War to raise its birth rate, but has not been particularly successful. Today, for their second child, French parents receive a bonus equal to 10 per cent of the average wage earner's income in their department. This is increased with the birth of each child up to 100 per cent for families with six or more children.

The British government, after viewing with alarm the report of the population commission, voted a bonus equal to approximately one dollar per week per child, with the exception of the eldest. The cost of maternity care has been reduced as low as possible, tax rates have been further adjusted in favor of large families, and the spread of birth control information is being offset as much as possible by a well-conducted campaign for more and better babies.

III

It would take a great stretching of the facts to consider either Britain or France as under-populated from a social or economic viewpoint. The Soviet Union, with a population density of only 18 per square mile, might make out a more plausible case. But the underlying motive behind these frantic efforts to expand national populations has little to do with pure comfort and convenience. It is based primarily on considerations of military expediency. A glance at the chart labelled Potential Armies of the World shows this plainly enough. France and Britain see themselves de-

clining as military powers unless they can spur their citizens to produce more children. The USSR, which has become a military power competing against the whole Western world, must also continuously augment its manpower reserves.

Two related dangers are involved here. If the nations of the world succeed in their efforts to perpetuate large-scale population increases, devastating wars and famines will be inevitable. And second, in any population race between West-Central Europe and the United States on one side, and Russia and the Balkan countries on the other, it is highly doubtful that we could out-produce them.

Llewellyn Thompson has divided some of the major nations into three classes, in terms of their present and future population trends. In the first class he included those countries which exercise a considerable amount of control over their birth rates. Not much lowering of their death rates

can be expected, and most of them have leveling or declining birth rates largely under voluntary control. The aging of their populations will lower the birth rates still further during the next few decades and the lack of frontier areas to provide new land further limits their possibilities for population expansion. This class I includes:

United States	Hungary
Great Britain	Baltic Countries
Scandinavia	Finland
France	Switzerland
Holland	Italy
Belgium	Canada
Germany	Australia
Austria	New Zealand
Czechoslovakia	

These nations are not all precisely at the same level of national development, of course. Great Britain, France and Sweden may begin a population decline in a decade or two, while the United States may add 15-20 per cent to its total during the next forty years before a decline sets in. But, gen-

POTENTIAL ARMIES OF THE WORLD

Country	1940	1970	Difference
Soviet Union	30,100,000	43,300,000	+13,200,000
Germany	11,300,000	9,900,000	-1,400,000
Italy	7,400,000	7,400,000	—
Poland	6,100,000	6,300,000	+200,000
Great Britain	7,500,000	5,700,000	-1,800,000
France	6,000,000	4,800,000	-1,200,000
United States	20,000,000	21,600,000	+1,600,000

Credit: *New Leader*

erally speaking, nations in this class can expect no very great increases in population unless some completely unforeseen factor is introduced.

In the class II countries the birth rate is still high, and is not likely to level off for several decades. There is still a great reduction to come in the death rate, with consequent large increases in population. In this class come:

Russia	South Africa (white)
Japan	Spain
Greece	Portugal
Yugoslavia	Brazil
Bulgaria	Argentina
Rumania	Uruguay
Poland	

In class III come the relatively undeveloped nations, notably India and China, where neither birth rate nor death rate is yet controlled to any large extent. Population density is already high, and the living standard is extremely low. If industrialization brings to these nations the means to make large-scale war, they could conceivably burst out in a series of irresistible expansions. Only an extremely high death rate keeps their already swollen numbers in check. If increased sanitation and modern medical practice were to lower this death rate suddenly the situation could become explosive in a generation. The two nations number nearly 700 million between them, and even a small decrease in the death rate would have

a large-scale effect on the population total. Even a layman can see that some control over births must be exerted in such areas when the death rate begins to drop.

At the present time, most of the nations of the earth are experiencing an unexpected boom in birth rates. Following a low in 1933-34, the rates began to climb, the trend becoming well-defined by 1937. Between that year and 1946 the West's birth rate increased as follows:

France:	15.0 to 20.6
England and Wales:	14.9 to 19.1
Canada:	20.0 to 26.6
United States	17.1 to 23.3

No official figures are available for Russia, but the rate undoubtedly has risen there, too.

This is probably only a temporary reversal of the long-term downward trend, but in the eyes of many experts it highlights the need for the institution of world-wide population controls. We should hasten the day, they believe, when population concentration will be relative to the economic resources of the country; when the problem of living room will be settled by arbitration and planning; and when a rise in the standard of living and an improvement in the quality of the people will be the desired goal rather than an increase in the gross numbers of any sect, religion or nationality.



PLAYWRITING IN A VACUUM

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

I HAVE conducted courses in playwriting in an American university for the past fourteen years with an increasing sense that I was operating in a vacuum. No one would teach or study medicine or dentistry or engineering if there were no demand for doctors and dentists and engineers. But we go on conducting schools of the theatre, and students flock to them in great numbers, though the theatre no longer exists on a scale sufficient to support one tenth of even the more talented graduates. All that is left for most of them, if they wish to make vocational use of what they have studied, is to become teachers themselves and establish more departments of drama. It is a rather ridiculous as well as disheartening situation, even though it indicates how unquenchable is the dramatic instinct.

Teaching the theatre arts under college auspices is a recent development, still confined to the United States and Canada. European theatres have long had their academies to train actors, and a private school, the American Academy of Dramatic Arts,

was established in New York in 1884 (Belasco was one of the early teachers). But nowhere was playwriting — the basic theatre art — taught until Prof. G. P. Baker began his famous course at Harvard in 1907, and at no college was drama studied save as literature. Because Baker was a great teacher, and because the theatre in 1907 was in the midst of a renaissance, his “47 workshop” attracted many brilliant students who intended to make playwriting their profession. The best of them could, and did: Edward Sheldon, Eugene O’Neill, George Abbott, Philip Barry, to name only a few. Still more made other branches of theatre their profession, like Lee Simonson and Theresa Helburn of the Theatre Guild. Baker soon abandoned undergraduate teaching in favor of more mature students, and when he transferred his work to Yale in 1925 he established a graduate school of the theatre arts with playwriting at its base, designed to equip men and women for professional careers just as a school of medicine equips doctors.

But meanwhile the fame of his

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work spread and college after college established dramatic departments, many of them building theatres. Today such departments cover the land and many of the college theatres, as at Williams, Amherst, Iowa, Indiana, Wisconsin and Rollins, are more attractive and far better equipped than most professional playhouses. When these departments are on the undergraduate level, to be sure, as most of them are, they make no pretense to be vocational schools. (They wouldn't dare these days, when it is the fad to believe that any course which enables you to make a living is, *per se*, not educational.) They are not training professionals, but giving undergraduates a chance to practice an art which most young people enjoy, and possibly picking up some education in the process.

But with thousands of young people practicing an art as fascinating as the theatre you cannot possibly avoid putting ideas into the heads of those who show talent. You cannot prevent a number of them becoming stage struck and wanting to go on into professional work. Such students will often demand advanced training, and the moment that is given to them you have established a professional school. This has been done in a number of institutions, across the land. Not only Yale, then, but to some extent scores of other institutions are actually today directing young people toward professional stage careers, and of course could be valuable feeders to our theatre.

Yet today there aren't enough professional careers available to meet the needs of the established actors, directors, designers, not to mention playwrights, who tramp Broadway looking for an opening.

When Baker began in 1907 there were two hundred plays a year produced in New York, there were hundreds of road companies playing in three or four thousand theatres, and there were more than a hundred stock companies in as many cities. Hence there was opportunity for authors, actors and other artists of the theatre. Today there are less than half the number of theatres in New York, the road has been reduced to a miserable trickle, and the stock companies have disappeared save for a few weeks in summer. The door of opportunity has been shut. Until it is once more opened so that the talented youngsters can enter and learn mastery of their art by professional practice, the beautiful and ancient art of the drama will sink ever lower in America, and with it will sink those mechanical dramatic arts, the screen and (possibly) television, for they are based on principles developed in the theatre, and it is in the theatre, facing a living audience, that the artist learns his trade.

II

The artist most affected by lack of opportunity is the basic artist of the theatre, the playwright. A theatre which does not present a constant body of new plays, reflecting the age,

is only half alive. All great dramatic eras have been notable for the body of plays they originated, from the Greeks, through the Elizabethan, to the age of Shaw. Broadway in recent years has complained that it could not find good scripts to produce. But how can there be good scripts if there is no training ground for the dramatists? Remember Molière and his years of practice in the provinces. Broadway demands a script that is technically ready for the stage and which seems, also, to promise wide popularity. Production costs are now so high that it cannot afford to gamble on anything else. But such scripts don't come out of the blue. They don't come out of the colleges, either. They come after a playwright has been seasoned by trial and error before many audiences. Until more plays can be put on, at less than the present prohibitive costs, Broadway will continue to cry in vain for new talent.

But it must be admitted the colleges are not doing as much as they might. Last year only a dozen colleges in the country produced more than one full-length new play. Yale led with seven, all student-written. This coming year probably the Catholic University in Washington will do even better. But most colleges are content to put on tried plays. They are reproductive, not creative. They make little effort to discover and foster dramatists, without whom the theatre has no contemporary vitality. The so-called community and civic theatres, chiefly amateur, are even

less concerned with new plays, with a few honorable exceptions. What they want are the recent Broadway hits they have read about. To develop a dramatist in their own ranks, a play about their own community, is of no interest to them whatsoever. A few summer theatres now and then try out a new play — never giving it sufficient time for rehearsal — but by and large the young dramatist in America has only one outlet for his work — Broadway. And there his chances are slim indeed. He must come with a finished script, and he has no chance to learn how to produce such a script. He must also compete with many others for the very few available places.

So, as I too well know, he often becomes discouraged and either abandons writing altogether or turns to the novel as Betty Smith did. Sometimes, of course, he gets to Hollywood and becomes one of five hacks making a screen version of this or that play or book, and eats his heart out in a palatial cubby hole. Across my desk in the past fourteen years have passed hundreds of student scripts. The majority, of course, displayed no talent one could believe held the seeds of potential success. It is true in all the arts that far more young people want to study them than promise to master them. But always there have been some few scripts which roused hope and expectation. The best were produced for a college audience, the writer gained valuable experience, and was encouraged to go on.

But go on where? The most persistent, if not always the most talented (perhaps persistence is a sign of talent), have reached Broadway, but others, the more numerous, have given up the struggle. It is a long hard job writing a play, and you don't keep doing it indefinitely if there is no hope of seeing your work tried out.

Which brings us to the nub of the situation. For reasons too complicated to go into here, the professional theatre in America has been gradually restricted to Broadway, and even there the number of plays has been greatly reduced, and because of excessive costs experimentation has been choked off. Even the Theatre Guild, once a hotbed of experiment, is now a commercial theatre like any other, if still with better taste. For reasons only too obvious the hope of a future in which the great potential theatrical talent of America can find adequate outlet and training ground, and where especially young playwrights can learn their craft and express their vision of America, lies in a decentralization of the theatre and a greatly increased number of professional producing units in various parts of the land.

Broadway will always be the final aim of talent, no doubt. But Broadway today can supply neither sufficient opportunities to new talent nor security of income to established talent. There must be an equivalent of the old-time road companies and the old-time stock companies. There must be local companies so that vari-

ous artists can live in a decent if not opulent security while they learn, and where playwrights can see their work produced. It may be too soon to predict, but there are portents which give some hope. The Barter Theatre in Virginia, formerly a summer or "straw hat" playhouse, now has a small subsidy from the state and keeps its company going all winter acting in towns and cities of the South many of which have not seen the living theatre for generations. This "Virginia Company" last year turned in a comfortable profit. Miss Margo Jones is now operating a theatre in Texas, and trying out new plays. A company is being organized in New York to take three classic plays on a tour of college theatres. In Utah where the one hundredth anniversary of settlement was celebrated last summer with numerous theatrical productions, including a pageant play written by Arnold Sundgaard, a graduate of the Yale playwrighting courses, so much enthusiasm was awakened that it is proposed to re-erect the old Salt Lake Theatre built by Brigham Young (where Maude Adams first appeared), and to establish a state company under the auspices of the University. In New York a year ago the American National Theatre and Academy (ANTA), an organization founded to encourage the spread of drama, sponsored a try-out theatre where five new plays by young dramatists were produced. Last winter this number was increased to six as union labor con-

tinued to make the necessary concessions. All these things may be straws in the wind. One hopes so. There might well be twenty state theatres, not merely one, taking good plays, and new plays by local dramatists, to all the towns in the region. It might even come about that to high school students Shakespeare would no longer be a class-room bore, and the life of the State, set forth on the stage, would suddenly attain a new significance.

III

If the dramatists of the Irish Renaissance — Synge, Lady Gregory, Yeats, O'Casey — had been forced to write plays that would presumably appeal to Broadway or the West End of London instead of expressing their sometimes highly controversial opinions about Ireland, and if they had been forced to put up \$50,000 in order to produce each one of them, there would have been no Irish Renaissance, and no Dudley Digges or Barry Fitzgerald, either, for the movies later to snatch up. If Eugene O'Neill had not had the Provincetown Players to put on his early dramas of the sea, he might have waited indefinitely for recognition. Recognition of Shaw came in America because a young actor, Arnold Daly, could afford to experiment with "Candida" in a tiny theatre. The Theatre Guild, which in the twenties did so much to raise the standard of our stage, put on only the kind of plays it liked, with a budget of only

\$10,000 per play. It did not seek a wide audience — which may have been the reason it so often found one.

It may be that another Theatre Guild would be impossible on Broadway today, rents and all other costs having risen so sharply. At any rate, the managers think so, and strive for sure-fire hits (which fail far more often than the old Guild plays did). But why must a new Guild be in New York? You would suppose that nowhere else are there intelligent audiences for significant drama, or even enough people who want any sort of living stage. Surely that is not so. Any good touring company, at least, can testify to keen and hungry audiences. They are too keen, however, to be bamboozled by second-rate touring companies or by stage-struck amateurs. They have seen too much technical competence in their movies. They want good drama, well acted. If it can be given to them at a price within their means, it will be welcomed.

And it is the job of the American theatre in the future to give them just that. It cannot be accomplished in a day, and it cannot be accomplished without the cooperation and hard labor of all concerned, both the theatre artists and the local publics. But it is the necessary thing to do, and its accomplishment would mean far more than any procession of hits produced on Broadway.

But why, you ask, should we go to all this trouble? The country has its movies in five, or is it seven

thousand theatres. In the movies appear famous actors, backed by sets that cost no miserable ten thousand dollars, but a million. Their stories are plundered from all the literature of the world (considerably altered). And the people like them, and are satisfied.

Of course a great many people are not satisfied, but putting that aside, consider that if there had been only movies in ancient Athens we would have had no Sophocles and his tribe, to perpetuate the spiritual qualities of Athens, and the whole history of Western civilization would have been quite different. If there had been only movies in London in 1590 we would have had no Shakespeare. Molière in France, Goethe in Germany, Ibsen in Norway, once put in enduring drama the racial attitudes and ideals of their day. The people who sat at their plays — not passive spectators as at a movie, but creative participants helping the actors to live out the story — shared a great common experience and were richly stimulated. And the plays remain to this day to be studied, to be re-enacted. Only a year ago the most thrilling (and also the most popular) performance in New York was that by the Old Vic company of the *Oedipus Rex* of Sophocles, a play over 2000 years old! Even were they “written” under more favorable conditions, even were the “author” of a movie permitted to write as he wished, his shooting script is quite without literary merit and his work can be realized only in an

impossibly costly production, calling for tremendous mechanical equipment. Any group of artists with a bare platform can put on *Hamlet*. In fact, that’s all Shakespeare had.

This, however, is superficial compared to the fact that the movies are devised for a great mass audience, that they are hedged by impossible taboos, and the author of the screen play is not the creator but only the handy-man or hack. All great art, all good art, is the product of one man’s vision. It is conceived in loneliness and brought forth after lonely gestation. Beethoven’s symphonies were not composed by five hacks in collaboration, and nobody told him he couldn’t use a diminished fifth because they wouldn’t like it in Kalamazoo. When somebody complained to Ibsen that *Peer Gynt* wasn’t poetry, he replied, “It will be.” When Thoreau sat in his cabin and planned *Walden* he was about as free of the world’s opinions and taboos as a man can be. When J. M. Barrie wrote *Peter Pan* he poured into it not only his peculiar humor and fancy, but his sad, thwarted love of childhood. No other man in the world could have written it. Neither could any other man but Shaw have written *Heartbreak House*, or than Shakespeare have written *King Lear*. If we want works like this in any medium, we have got to give the artists who can create them an opportunity to learn the technique of their art, and then to see it published or performed. We have got to give

them the opportunity for training and then the satisfaction, which is every artist's supreme reward, of feeling that what they have to say is reaching the hearts of their fellows as they wanted to say it.

If we don't want such work, if in drama we are satisfied with the rubber-stamp romantic twaddle which pours forth from Hollywood, then there is nothing more to be said, and nothing more will be done. We shall sink contentedly into a cultural mediocrity.

Fortunately in music, an art for which Americans are less adapted than for drama, a great deal is being done to insure a chance to hear the best. Scores of cities support symphony orchestras, great free concerts are subsidized in parks, and hundreds of cities, through active citizens' committees, see to it that concert artists

come to visit them. People are willing to donate money, and to give of their time and effort, to bring fine music to their communities.

But they do nothing to bring fine drama. They do nothing to encourage the appreciation of this art, or to further the welfare of its practitioners. Yet it would be just as easy to establish a state theatre as it is to establish a state orchestra; as easy to bring good plays to a city as good music; and it would be just as stimulating to the inhabitants. Probably the theatre workers themselves will have to take the lead in any such movement. Too many people have too long regarded the theatre as a self-supporting form of idle entertainment. Unless they do take it, and secure the cooperation of all lovers of fine art in the country, the future of our drama is a gloomy one.

THE SILVER SADIST

BY MARY POOLE

When all
the lights are out
moonlight enters, tall
and amorous . . . holding a knout
of doubt.

THE DAILY MIRACLE

BY WAVERLEY ROOT

ITS official name was *European Edition of the Chicago Tribune*, but the staff always referred to it as the Daily Miracle. This was no awe-inspired overestimate of its quality. It mirrored only the genuine astonishment of the men who produced it at discovering, each morning, that they had somehow written a newspaper the night before. To anyone who knew the bibulous, rollicking, eccentric, zany crew of journalists who got out the *Paris Tribune*, it seemed incredible that the paper never missed an issue, even during the period of a printers' strike. On many of the wilder nights, everyone in the city room appeared to lose sight completely of the circumstance that they had come together to put out a paper. Yet in the morning each member of the staff, through the haze of his hangover, would be treated to the surprising spectacle of his neatly wrapped copy of the *Tribune* sliding into his room beneath the door as the *conciierge* delivered the morning mail. The paper possessed a dogged vitality of its own. It appeared regularly in

spite of the men who were editing it.

The quality of the paper was uneven: one day it was a work of genius and the next a ghastly mistake. You never knew what the *Tribune* was likely to bring forth, but you could be certain of the unexpected. It might be a completely apocryphal account of a Christmas celebration at the White House, featured by a performance of Bach's *B Minor Mass* on four trombones (a little whimsy of Elliot Paul's) or it might be a heavy dissertation on the physiology of esthetics (once contributed, through several issues, by myself). Fantasy was a regular ingredient of the *Paris Tribune*. There is nothing quite so bad as fantasy that doesn't come off, and a good deal of the *Tribune's* fantasy was incredibly inane. But there was also much that did come off, and it was then spectacularly good.

The explanation for the character of the paper was the high spirits of its staff. They were dedicated to *joie de vivre* and the paper showed it. The zest for living displayed by the

WAVERLEY ROOT is a veteran correspondent, author and radio commentator, who has written three volumes of a Secret History of the War. His last previous contribution to the *MERCURY* was a review of the Kinsey Report, which appeared in the May 1948 issue. This article is number eight in a series on American journalists and periodicals.

Tribune editorial employees, from proofreaders to editors, was catholic. They loved to eat heavily, drink deep and pursue women; but they also took a lively and informed interest in the arts. The range of their interests was once illustrated by one of them in a three-cornered conversation with a tourist and a third American. The tourist had inquired, as tourists from the States always did, if the House of All Nations (one of the more spectacular Paris lupanars) was located near a certain square.

"I know the Bibliothèque Nationale is near there," the third American answered stuffily, "but I'm afraid I'm not the sort of person who knows where the other place is."

"It's just around the corner from the National Library," the *Tribune* man interjected. "I'm the sort of person who knows where both of them are."

The chief reason the *Tribune* attracted the sort of men who gave it its character was probably its chronic poverty. Serious newspapermen, those with command of the technique of their profession, with backgrounds of newspaper experience, and, above all, with the desire to make money, went to the *Paris Herald*, which paid much better. The *Tribune*, consequently, was staffed by men who were willing, or forced, to work cheap. Paradoxically, this brought to the paper a more brilliant, if less dependable, group than the *Herald* was ever able to get for all its higher salaries.

Our men fell into three categories.

II

First, there were the misfits. These were the men who had been born out of their time or place, who had found themselves unable to adjust to American society. At home they would have become neurotics. In the more tolerant atmosphere of Paris, they felt themselves less confined, and in the extremely tolerant city room of the *Tribune* their talents could burst into full flower. Cheerfully ready to make hash of all journalistic rules, the *Tribune* was able to utilize the eccentric, but often highly interesting, viewpoints of these rejects. How unique was the refuge provided them was demonstrated tragically by one *Tribune* employee of a decade's standing, who returned to America after the sale of the paper, wandered unhappily about in his native country for some months, and then came back to Paris to commit suicide.

Then we had the transients. The *Herald*, a paper of great seriousness, was not interested in hiring newspapermen, whatever their merits, whose only purpose in taking a job was to be able to enjoy an extended vacation in Paris. Any number of expert metropolitan journalists and talented writers passing through Paris conceived the idea of working, not too hard, for six months or a year in the French capital. A free and easy paper like the *Tribune* was just what they were looking for.

Finally, there were the lovers of Paris. A handful of these men formed

the nucleus of the staff, maintaining a certain amount of editorial continuity while a steady stream of temporary workers poured through the city room. There were several highly competent men in this group, who preferred the atmosphere of the *Tribune* to the more workmanlike ambiance of the *Herald*. They were, in effect, paying in reduced earnings for the privilege of living in Paris and enjoying considerable freedom in their work.

From these three main groups of recruits, the *Tribune* managed to keep together a sparkling staff. Many of the names which made the old New York *World* so notable had previously appeared briefly in the *Paris Tribune*; among them, I have been told by old-timers, F.P.A., Heywood Broun and his wife, Ruth Hale. Within my own experience, the *Tribune* staff included such later famous correspondents as Vincent Shecan, Jay Allen, William Shirer and Edmond Taylor. The little review, *transition*, which cut so much ice among the *avant-garde* in the late 1920s, was virtually a by-product of our copy-desk, around which sat, at different times and for varying periods, all three of its principal editors — Eugene Jolas, Elliot Paul and Robert Sage.

The life of the *Paris Tribune* was full but brief. It died at the age of seventeen. Its birth date was July 4, 1917 and it put out its last issue on November 30, 1934.

It began as the Army Edition of the *Chicago Tribune*, during World War I. The decision to put out a paper for the Army was probably not unconnected with the fact that the *Tribune* publisher, Colonel Robert Rutherford McCormick, served in France during that war and liked having a version of his paper handy. With the men of the AEF for readers, the Army Edition prospered. It had been pledged to take no profits, and at the end of hostilities was enabled to turn over to General Pershing, for the Army, the sum of 106,902 francs and 82 centimes — this despite an initial operating loss of \$100,000. Never again, until the last days of its existence, was the newspaper to be so prosperous.

When the war ended the name of the paper was changed from the Army Edition to the European Edition. Finally, in January 1923, when the *St. Mihiel* sailed with the last American troops to leave France, the decision to continue the paper was officially announced. It was explained, a little grandiloquently, perhaps, that the *Paris Tribune* would now dedicate itself to being "the remaining link of communication, in both directions, between the old world and the new." This disregarded rather cavalierly the existence of the *Paris Herald*, all the rest of the press, the diplomatic services, internationally active business firms, and quite a few other links of communication which had been doing all right long before the *Tribune* appeared.

"The home office has pledged itself," the editorial explained,

to take not one franc of profit from the European Edition. Profit will accrue, as it should, but it will all be used to improve the service to our readers, to establish pensions, sick benefits, home-buying funds and annual bonuses to employees. Eventually we hope to build a Paris home for our enterprise not unworthy of this Center of Art.

Of these ambitious designs none ever materialized except the annual bonus, which, for a few years, was actually forthcoming. The editorial employees were not as grateful for this largesse as they might have been. The fact that it was paid by checks drawn on the personal account of the paper's director struck them as peculiar, and the mathematical exercises by which they attempted to achieve a balance between what they imagined the year's profits to have been and what the bonus checks added up to were highly unsuccessful. The conclusions which they drew were no doubt unfair.

III

No editorial department ever has much use for the advertising department, but the warfare in the *Tribune* was more than usually bitter. *Tribune* writers cherished the swift, spontaneous shaft launched by one of their city editors, now employed by the much more reputable New York *Times*. A visitor who had somehow wandered by mistake into the dingy, well-hidden city room addressed the

back of the busy editor with, "Where can I find the advertising manager?" Without lifting his head or turning, the editor answered sweetly, "Second horse's behind to the left," thus including the circulation manager as well in his contempt.

There was plenty of business department to be contemptuous of. A newspaperman from the States, who walked down the long corridor, passing by row after row of desks, and finally reaching the small city room which held the dozen men who actually put out the paper, once asked in amazement: "What in the world do all those people out there *do*?"

Most of them audited. They spent days in a complicated game of checking one another's figures. Their world was a caricature of the world of diplomacy, in which solemn gentlemen build up elaborate paper structures with no link to reality. There was so little connection with reality in the auditing of the Paris *Tribune's* accounts that the cashier was able to help himself to 100,000 francs before anyone realized what was happening. The figures in the books checked all right. But the business department had unfortunately neglected to connect the figures, at any point in the auditing process, with the actual cash that was being handled. Twenty or thirty men spent their time gazing suspiciously at one another's figures to make sure that no mathematics were at fault. They were so busy at it that they left to one man, unsupervised, all the actual operations of

billing, collecting and handling the money.

The editorial staff was delighted at the cashier's success in embezzlement, even though it cost them their bonus for that year. During the period between his arrest and conviction, when he was free on bail, they bought him drinks in Gargantuan quantity. They did not even forget him during the year or two he spent in prison, and they took up a collection for him when he got out. Their attitude was, no doubt, immoral and anti-social. But all that counted with them was the manner in which he had shown up the business office. They loved him for it.

For the business office was, during the entire life of the *Tribune*, the source of incessant picayune annoyances. Most of the editorial staff eked out their salaries by various odd jobs paid for at space rates. Calculation of the amount due to each man was a complicated process, and it was made more so by the conviction of the business office that the editorial department, since it produced no revenue, was simply a drain on the paper's resources which must be kept as small as possible. With great ingenuity and assiduity, the business office, every two weeks, invented complicated excuses for paying amounts smaller than those which the paper's writers had expected and, probably, had already spent. Each payday was followed by a series of wrangles. Invariably, in the end, the editorial claims were satisfied. The business office, in its unceasing attempt to

save money at the expense of its employees, never won. But it never learned either. Fifteen days later a new series of bitter arguments would be initiated. It kept things lively.

The nearly helpless editorial staff could retaliate only in little ways. There was, for instance, the occasion on which a business executive, with fervent admiration for his own acumen, decided to save money on lead pencils by buying a carload of them at one time. They were miserable pencils, which fought stubbornly against their function of making marks on paper. They had only one merit: they broke easily. The first few pencils were broken by accident. That gave the boys the idea. It is quite an undertaking for twelve men, by breakage incidental to their work, to destroy an entire carload of pencils. Nevertheless, the task had been completed in a month, and the *Tribune* went back to buying pencils by the gross.

Only once in my memory did the editorial department approve of anything the business department did. That lone occasion occurred when the *Paris Herald* woke up one morning to discover that the *Paris Tribune* had been delivered to London by air, hours before its competitor could reach England by train. With howls of pain and rage, the representatives of the *Herald* rushed to the offices of the only air freight company then existing in Paris, and discovered that the *Tribune* had secured an exclusive contract for the transport of news-

papers by air. Strings were pulled and influence applied in government offices, with the result that the *Tribune* was sternly informed it must open its facilities for air delivery to the competing paper. The *Tribune* graciously consented; and the next morning, on American breakfast tables in England, copies of the Paris edition of the New York *Herald* appeared, each one stamped neatly with the legend: "Delivered by the air service of the Chicago *Tribune*." A second series of howls and complaints erased the offending information, but it had been, in our opinion, a good joke while it lasted. The *Herald* men missed its humor.

IV

The warfare between the *Herald* and the *Tribune* was sharpened by the low opinion each paper had of the other. *Herald* reporters looked upon *Tribune* men as disgraces to the profession of journalism. We regarded them as strait-laced academicians virtually ignorant of the facts of life. Nothing excited either paper more than to be scooped on a local story by the other. And scoops were frequent, for our fields of interest and experience hardly overlapped. The *Herald* trimmed us regularly on stories emanating from respectable and official circles. We retaliated with a virtual monopoly on the bar news. As the stories which originate in bars are ordinarily better than those which come from more circumspect sources, we had rather the better of it.

Our lack of taboos shocked and horrified the *Herald*. There was one occasion when an official of the League of Nations used the word "bastard" in its accurate and respectable sense, and we quoted it in a headline. The result was a near-attack of apoplexy for the managing editor of the *Herald*, who strode up and down his city room quivering, a crumpled copy of our paper in his hand, repeating over and over to all within hearing: "They're crazy over on the *Tribune*, stark raving crazy! They've got 'bastard' in their headline!"

I was personally responsible for giving him another bad hour or two. The *Herald* had printed a photograph showing a crowd scattering before a volley fired by a group of soldiers, under the heading, "Bread Riots in Moscow." The picture looked familiar to me and I spent most of the day hunting for it in my library. I finally found it in Arno Dosch-Fleurot's book, *Through War to Revolution*. It was a news photo several years old, which had been mildly famous in its time, a scene of the Russian Revolution. We printed it the next day under the title, "Scoop of the Century," together with the caption it had carried in the *Herald* and our own explanation of what it really showed. For months after that I never ran into the *Herald* editor at the weekly luncheons of the Anglo-American Press Association without being greeted by a sorrowful shaking of the head and the admonition, "That wasn't cricket, you know

... really wasn't cricket!" As it turned out, the poor fellow had been personally innocent of faking. He had bought the picture from a not-too-honest French agency.

One scoop which the *Tribune* scored over the *Herald*, though on a story which we considered momentous at the time, has now disappeared from my mind, and I recall only the manner in which it was gained. We got it by an almost incredible fluke. One of our copyreaders picked up the phone to call the *Herald* on some routine matter. Somehow or other, he found himself listening to a *Herald* reporter calling the desk with a story that sounded important. The reporter was explaining to his editor at some length just how he had got the story, and why, consequently, we couldn't possibly get it. It all sounded so convincing that our man silently picked up a pencil and took down the story as the reporter dictated it. We revamped the manner of its telling and sent it down to the composing room with pleasant anticipation of the *Herald's* reaction the following morning. The result was beyond our hope. Secure in their exclusive possession of this gem, and suffering that night from an over-abundance of news, the *Herald* had saved its scoop for the next day's paper — and so it didn't carry the story at all.

v

Anyone who tried to compare the Chicago *Tribune* with its errant Paris edition would have had to say that

the differences were greater than the resemblances. The similarities were chiefly on the editorial page and the front page make-up.

One thing which Colonel McCormick had not entrusted to his Paris editors was control of editorial opinion. The Paris *Tribune* was not allowed to write its own editorials, even on local affairs; we were confined to reprinting those of the home edition. These arrived at frequent intervals, neatly clipped and marked (by, we were led to understand, the Colonel himself) MUST, A, B or NO. Sometimes even the MUSTs had become outdated by the time the mail from Chicago reached us, but that made no difference; they still had to go in. With the As and Bs we were allowed a little latitude.

The prevailing political attitude in the Paris *Tribune* city room in those days was a little left of center, a position not entirely congruous with the editorials dispatched from Chicago. The strain was not great because politics, in those pre-Hitler days, did not much interest the *Tribune* writers; but at moments when an issue arose, the frustrated staff, unable to vent its feeling on the editorial page, jetisoned all ideas of objective writing in the news columns, and produced its own editorials masquerading as news. During the long, drawn-out history of the Sacco-Vanzetti case, the Paris *Tribune* presented a strange appearance indeed. Its editorial columns thundered for the blood of the anarchists, while the daily report on

the case might have been written by Vanzetti himself.

The other similarity of the Paris edition to the home paper, its front page make-up, was a matter of enormous irritation to me. The *Chicago Tribune* had persisted for years in retaining the most old-fashioned format of any big metropolitan paper, and it was perhaps because misery loves company that it imposed the same handicaps on us. The *Chicago Tribune* obstinately reserved column two of the first page for a table of contents, an arrangement which effectually prevented it from giving adequate play to two big stories on the same day. The Paris edition didn't have enough matter to run a table of contents, but the same effect was produced by running May Birkhead's society column in that space. Society on the front page was conceivably defensible in Paris, where the American colony was made up of a thin crust of genuine society and a thick loaf of social climbers using every means to attract the attention of their betters. In spite of the *Herald's* over-all attraction for the society group, it had no single department in which mention of one's name conferred the same prestige as was got by a notice in May Birkhead's daily column, which was also cabled to Chicago. We printed, as did the *Herald*, column after column of supremely dull social items on an inside page, with material provided mostly by the trained seals who telephoned in about the doings of

themselves and their friends for the ecstasy of seeing their names in print. But mention in these readily accessible chronicles was not to be compared with making May Birkhead's column, for reasons that were completely mysterious to me. Unsympathetic as I was to this column, I did not underestimate its importance to the paper.

However, one day when there were several important news breaks, I nervously ordered the Birkhead column moved to an inside page. Its author was not a stuffed shirt, but she was enough of a lady to know the importance of prestige, and she immediately cabled a complaint to the Colonel. I received peremptory instructions to leave the society column on the front page.

But if the physical appearance of the Paris *Tribune* was similar to the *Chicago Tribune's*, its contents were definitely different. The *Chicago Tribune* took everything seriously; the Paris *Tribune* took nothing seriously. The touch of the *Chicago Tribune* was heavy; the touch of the Paris *Tribune* was light, even frivolous. The *Chicago Tribune* was the sounding-board of an individual. The Paris *Tribune* was a sounding-board of individualism.

In even the most routine matters, the Paris paper could not be compared to its mighty progenitor. The adventures of the Gumps might appear in almost any sequence, or be repeated, or be rendered even more unintelligible than they were origi-

nally by the omission of large sections of the story. The answer to the crossword puzzle rarely bore any relation to the problem printed the day before. The dull business of checking on such details did not appeal to the leaping imaginations of the *Tribune* staff; but in compensation the many features, the extravaganzas, the flights of fancy in its heavily by-lined pages kept it continually lively.

On occasion fancy and routine could be combined. Elliot Paul at one time sought for and obtained, there being no competition, the despised task of compiling the daily "Ten Questions." This was at a period when no American periodical dared appear without a quiz, always in decalogue form, on general information. Before the advent of Paul the system had been to clip ten sets of more or less appropriate questions and answers from the home edition and other papers for reprinting in Paris.

Paul absolved himself of the drudgery of hunting through the compilations of others for his questions. He made them up. Day after day, he solemnly asked *Tribune* readers such questions as: "Why do European peoples eat mussels? Because mussels are good to eat"; and: "When a bear cub is pursued through the snow, does it turn to cover its tracks as it runs? No, it thinks the hunters follow it by scent." Paul got a great deal of quiet pleasure out of this activity, which inspired emulation in others. For instance, the routine departments, "Ten Years Ago in the Paris *Tribune*"

and "Fifty Years Ago in the Chicago *Tribune*," which had formerly been filled by an undiligent search through the files by the newest member of the staff, were brightened up by a deliberate hunt for the silliest and most absurd items which could be found in the chronicles of the past.

No one was exempt from ridicule in the *Tribune*, not even members of the staff. A columnist (and almost everyone on the paper was a columnist, off and on) might open the paper to find, in his usual spot, a burlesque of his style done by somebody else. The sports editor, notoriously tardy in getting out his daily comment, discovered one day that the desk hadn't sent it through at all, but had instead printed a chronological account of the efforts of the staff to get the copy out of him. This was received with so much merriment in the bars where he collected most of his material that he eventually convinced its admirers, and ultimately himself, that it was his own work.

VI

During this lively period, the editorial workers of the Paris *Tribune* operated on the assumption that the existence of the paper had been kept up mainly for their benefit, to enable them to live in Paris and have a maximum of fun while doing a minimum of work. A somewhat similar view of the paper's function was held in Chicago, where, however, there was less approbation for it. Nothing happened during the pre-1929 years, but when the

stock market crash reduced advertising revenue and Chicago found itself obliged to send hard cash to Paris to pay deficits, the powers on Lake Michigan began to ask themselves why they were operating a benefit society for playboy journalists in Paris. It is not impossible that there was a slight tinge of jealousy connected with their attitude.

The first symptom that the good old days were over was a shake-up in the editorship of the paper. The previous editor was let out, and Ralph J. Frantz, now on the New York *Herald Tribune*, came in. I was in the London office of the home edition at the time, but I returned to Paris a few weeks later to become news editor. Frantz and I, between us, conducted the paper to its doom, a process which required about four years.

We did it the hard way. We did it by improving the product. The paper remained light-hearted, but it began to pay some attention to standards of journalism which, hitherto, it had cheerfully ignored. The city room at night still resounded to the spirited echoes of mass renditions of *Abdul el Bulbul Ameer* or, when we were ambitious, the *Ride of the Valkyries*. It was still considered a pleasantry to shove the mess of paper under the copy-desk quietly towards a colleague and then drop a lighted match into it. But amidst the strains of fortissimo harmony and the smoke of burning blue serge trouser legs, copy of a highly professional sort was

concocted, intelligently edited and capably presented.

We got rid, one by one, of some of the banes of the office. Tourist advertising, previously filled with unreadable canned copy provided by travel agencies, and illustrated by pictures so darkened by use that the scenes they depicted could barely be made out with the naked eye, were eliminated. In its place we now created special magazine supplements in which the charms of Switzerland, the Riviera, etc., were displayed in a more interesting manner.

We fought the advertising department to get rid of the disguised publicity which they wanted, in accordance with Continental custom, to print in the news columns without any hint that it had been paid for. One of our more successful battles along this line concerned book reviews, which had previously been produced by forcing some poor devil on the staff to translate the blurbs provided by French publishers. They were in bad French to begin with and they were in atrocious English by the time we had finished with them. We were able to throw them all out and institute a weekly book-review page which, to the surprise of the advertising department, attracted a lot of advertising, even though it sometimes referred to the books advertised in uncomplimentary terms.

We bent our energies also to improving the quality and quantity of the news we received. We installed our own man to cable news from

America, instead of taking the by-product of Chicago's information, tossed off as an extra task by a man busy with other matters. We increased our file from London. We acquired new correspondents in various parts of Europe. We even gave close attention to the improvement of our cabled list of stock quotations from New York, a department which, in the old days, we would have scorned. We built up gradually, and used extensively, an excellent morgue. In the early 1920s we would have hooted anyone so deficient in imagination as to be obliged to resort to files.

I think we may claim that we improved the quality of the paper, by ordinary standards, without losing the liveliness which had been its greatest asset in the days when we thought ordinary standards bourgeois. The result showed up in the books of the business department. Revenue increased and circulation rose.

We watched the latter index feverishly. In the past there had never been any doubt that the circulation of the *Herald* exceeded ours. There was no Audit Bureau of Circulations in France, and publishing figures were heavily guarded; but the *Herald* figures had been no secret for us. The cyclist who brought us the first editions of the morning papers, including that of the *Herald*, used to read the press run figures off the *Herald* press and deliver those to us too. I suppose he probably read ours as well and sold them to the *Herald*.

Now we saw our circulation mount

and, for the first time since the war, pass that of the *Herald*. We began to tell one another that, since the stock market crash, there was no room for two American papers in Paris. We had no doubt which one would survive. We were the more successful.

VII

It was appropriate, perhaps, that a paper which had shaped its character out of disdain for material success should finally die of it, just as an ascetic who had, late in life, succumbed suddenly to sybaritism might be expected to perish of acute indigestion. Precisely at the moment when we were basking in the consciousness of success the blow fell; and we learned that the *Paris Tribune* had been sold to the *Paris Herald*. It was only then that we realized what we had done. We had fattened ourselves for the slaughter.

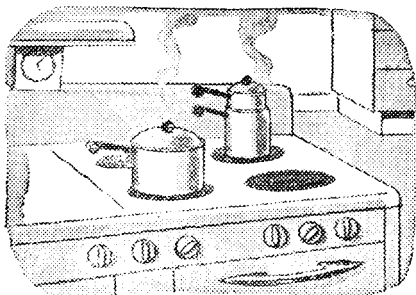
In the old carefree days there had been nothing to sell. Our competition had been too inconsiderable to disturb the *Herald*. We had had no assets to offer. Then we had changed everything. We had worked ourselves into a position where we menaced the *Herald*. We had extra circulation, extra advertising, prestige and good will to offer. For the first time the *Tribune* was worth buying. The *Herald* bought it.

It served us right. We had injected efficiency and seriousness into an institution hitherto blissfully free of those qualities. We were appropriately punished.

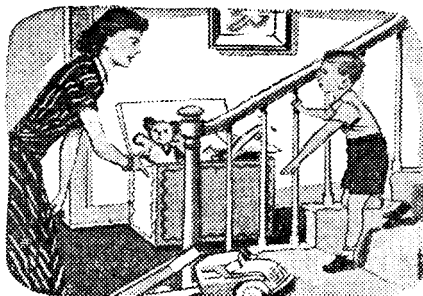
HOW SAFE ARE YOUR CHILDREN?

In the past 35 years, the death rate from disease among children 1 to 14 years of age has been reduced more than 80%. Today, *accidents*, in the home and out, are the leading cause of death in childhood. In addition, thousands of children are temporarily or permanently crippled by accidents each year.

Fortunately, many accidents can be prevented. Parents can do most to guard their children by removing possible causes of accidents, and by establishing common-sense rules of safety.



1. Burns cause most fatal home accidents. So it's wise for parents to turn the handles of pots on a stove so they can't be reached, to keep matches in a safe place, and to place a sturdy screen around a fireplace or heater.

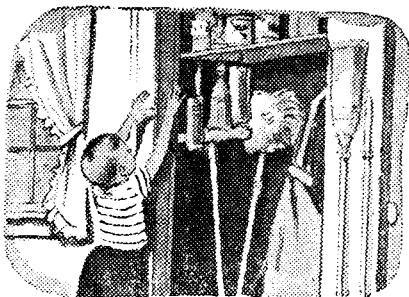


2. Falls head the list of serious non-fatal accidents. Parents can help prevent falls by providing a storage place for toys, so that they won't be left on the stairs or floor. Windows should be guarded, and halls well lighted.

Parents can also be helpful in protecting their children by setting a good example and by showing them safe ways to work and play. If your child seems to have more than his share of accidents, it may be wise to consult your family doctor.

To learn more about protecting your child, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 98L, "Help Your Child to Safety."

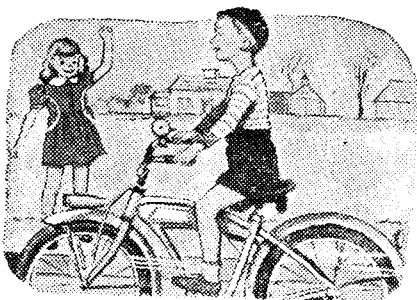
TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE



3. Check your home for other ways to make it accident-proof. Try to keep poisons, knives, scissors, guns and ammunition where young children can't reach them. Electric cords should always be in a safe condition.



4. Safety in the streets is extremely important. Children should learn to cross only at crossings, to obey traffic lights, to look both ways before stepping into the street, and to face traffic if they have to walk on a road.



5. Bicycle riding can be much safer if children know and obey such rules as keeping to the right and signaling for turns. Parents should be sure the bicycle has good brakes, a warning bell, a front light and rear reflector.



6. Drowning accounts for many accidental deaths. That's why a grownup should be present whenever children are playing in or near the water. In winter, parents should check ice conditions where children skate.

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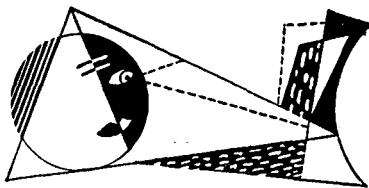
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NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

THE SKEPTICS' CORNER

by BERGEN EVANS



That savages are magnificent muscular brutes

Those readers whose boyhoods were made memorable by reading Rider Haggard's lurid tales will hardly have forgotten the duel which Sir Henry Curtis and Twala the wicked chieftan fought with battleaxes before the assembled hosts of the Kukuuanas. Although Sir Henry was "the biggest-chested and longest-armed man" the narrator had ever seen, his antagonist was of such gigantic stature and robust physique that the Englishman really had quite a time of it before he had him safely decapitated.

Twala was a fair physical specimen of the savage of romance. Hollywood has half a dozen of his like — no more, probably, could be found — who with oiled skins and flexed biceps are put before the camera whenever the script calls for a dark-skinned primitive.

True savages — with the exception of the Nilotic Negroes, who are bean-pole skinny, and one or two other tribes — are smaller in stature than the average American. Their growth

has usually been stunted by malnutrition and their bodies emaciated by disease. Skeletal remains of the most primitive of the primitives indicate that they suffered from arthritis, tuberculosis, pyorrhea and other crippling and wasting diseases.

The belief in the physical superiority of the savage goes back to the romantic notion that civilization enfeebles. Thus Buffon seeking to classify the "adil" thought it might possibly be "the jackal become smaller, weaker, and more gentle" than the wild race from being domesticated. Actually, except for those that are deliberately bred to be smaller, most domesticated animals are larger and stronger than the wild species from which they have sprung.

That divorce may be obtained by mutual consent

The phrase of gossip columnists, that the So-and-so's have "agreed to disagree" must be accepted as pure journalistic license. The laws of most

states *deny* a divorce where it can be proved that the parties agreed to get one. Even in an uncontested action the party suing must have legal grounds and corroborating witnesses. If people who merely wished to go their separate ways were allowed to do so what would become of divorce lawyers and city editors?

That if a condemned criminal is not executed on the first try he is entitled to go scot free

The electrocution of Willie Francis on May 9, 1947, for the murder of a druggist at St. Martinsville, Louisiana, ought to give at least a temporary check to the widespread belief that a condemned man cannot be twice sent to the chair or gallows. Francis had been placed in the chair on May 3, 1946, but something had prevented his being killed. Some said that the current had failed. Francis' lawyer, J. Skelly Wright, averred that the officials were too drunk to know what they were doing. In any event Francis was taken back to his cell and his execution was delayed by appeals to the Louisiana courts, the State Pardon Board and, eventually, the United States Supreme Court. Whatever pleas were advanced, the popular feeling was certainly based on the old belief that in going once to the chair he had paid his penalty. But there was no legal basis for this belief and the courts could hardly have done other than they did.

In former days, before the hang-

man's knot and the autopsy ruled out any possibility of resuscitation, it was widely believed that if a hanged man could be revived he would be entitled to live and several attempts were made to rescue a man in this manner. Of these attempts the most famous, perhaps, was that arranged for the Reverend Dr. Dodd, an eighteenth-century forger whose condemnation, because he was a clergyman and because he underwent a highly publicized repentance, had aroused immense feelings of pity and horror. A room and a physician were ready and at the expiration of the legal minimum of suspension his body was to be claimed and efforts made to revive him. But the experiment was frustrated by the very popularity that led to its inception; the crowd at the hanging was so dense that the body could not be gotten through it in time.

That a nursing mother should drink beer

You only get out of a thing what you put in it, as the sages say. A nursing mother has to take in a good deal of fluid. Many people find beer a pleasant fluid to take in but it has no special virtue as a galactagogue. Any other potable liquid will do as well.

If a nursing mother takes in enough beer, by the way, she can get herself and in consequence her child drunk as some of the alcohol passes from her blood into the milk. In due moderation it seems to do no great harm.

I once knew a particularly devoted mother who always took a stiff highball before nursing her child on the evenings on which she was going out, thereby dulling her own maternal pangs at the thought of parting and putting the infant into a profound slumber so that the sitter would not be troubled with him. Whether a nursing mother's smoking does any harm or not is fiercely debated. The majority of medicos are inclined to view it lightly. Waggish pediatricians have been known to oppose it on the grounds that the ashes drop in the baby's eye.

That apes can perform many human tasks

In March and April, 1946, when the servant problem was at its worst, 200 housewives in the New York Metropolitan Area were informed by a Mr. James C. Adams, of Bernardsville, N. J., that an ape, trained in domestic service, would shortly be sent them on a free 30-day trial. With the ape, it was said, would come an instructor who would remain until the creature was "oriented" to her new home.

Despite this assurance a number of the ladies were understandably agitated and referred the matter to the police. The FBI closed in on Mr. Adams who insisted that the letters were a scientific project designed "to test the gullibility of the American public" concerning which he was engaged in writing a mighty opus.

Mr. Adams' mistake was in going

to the housewives for his test. It was a poor "field," as the scientists call it. No housewife would be willing to trust her china with a strange ape merely on Mr. Adams' say-so. And the danger of a *mésalliance*, which the Ingalls case has shown us can occur in the best families, would in itself have been sufficient reason for declining his otherwise attractive offer.

He should have gone to the scientists, particularly the sociologists and the psychologists. Some of them, judging from their acceptance of stories of wolf-children and the republication of them in their textbooks and in the learned journals, will accept anything.

Some extraordinary narratives of apes have gained credence with some very solemn men. Juan Ardenois relates that apes on the island of Maragnan "play at certain games with the natives for money and spend what they win in public houses." Ogilby says that it is "wonderful to behold" the more sociable of the baboons "come and smoke tobacco among the seamen." Monboddoo says that apes built houses, hunted elephants, had human slaves and solaced themselves with chamber music. Alverdes, to come into the company of more reputable scientists, has the most remarkable stories of their military organization. Romanes tells of a sick monkey that was waited upon by his companions "with the utmost solicitude" and of another who threw a rope overboard to rescue a drowning friend.

There is quite a tradition of their working as hired girls. Francis Pyard and Father Jarrie relate that the apes of Sierra Leone are fully trained as domestic servants and Schouten says that they can rinse glasses, carry beer and wait on table. More recently Mr. Frank W. Lane, writing in *Natural History* on "our oddest animal servants," quotes Sir Gardiner Wilkinson who wrote in 1879 on the simian domestics of Abyssinia. There, it seems, monkeys "were taught several useful accomplishments," particularly that of serving as torch-bearers at banquets. Stanley, somewhat lost in darkest Africa, attributes a similar skill to bands of chimpanzees.

*That ostriches hide their heads
and eat iron*

The cartoonist who enlivened one of our great newspapers recently with a whimsical drawing of an ostrich that had exploded as a result of tapping a gas main was combining the two things best "known" about the bird, namely that it hides its head in the sand and eats iron. Neither of these beliefs has the flimsiest foundation in fact.

Considering how prominent a part the ostrich has played in folk zoology, it is surprising that one of the most striking features of the species, which, one would think, would have formed the basis of many weird beliefs, is almost totally unknown — namely that the male ostrich emits a roar that is almost indistinguishable from the lion's roar.

*That we would empty our insane
asylums in one generation
if we only sterilized the unfit*

Assuming that we could definitely agree on what hereditary characteristics were undesirable and further that we could corral and sterilize all the unfortunates now possessing them, it is quite certain that the promises of zealous believers in sterilization would not be fulfilled. For it is not merely those who have the characteristics who would have to be sterilized but all normal-seeming persons who carry the defective genes. And there simply isn't any way of detecting these.

Professors Dunn and Dobzhansky of Columbia, in their book *Heredity, Race and Society*, illustrate the difficulty of eliminating bad hereditary traits which are due to single recessive genes by pointing out that carriers of albinism in whom the undesirable trait is masked are about 280 times as numerous as are the albinos in whom it is manifest. Thus the sterilization of all albinos would reduce albinism 1/280th each generation. At that rate it would take, they estimate, about five thousand years to reduce the proportion of albinos by one half. Meanwhile the supply might be increased by mutation.

There are certain afflictions, such as amaurotic idiocy and progressive muscular dystrophy, which invariably kill off their bearers before they are old enough to reproduce. Yet the afflictions go on.

THE STATE OF FLORIDA

BY FRANK L. HARVEY

IN FLORIDA they sell sunshine. They sell sunshine with a zeal which would do credit to a Baptist missionary among the Hottentots. Anyone who steps into a Florida Chamber of Commerce can see the staff busily stuffing envelopes with the happy news that in the Sunshine State 257 out of 365 days are bright and fair. Business executives stamp sun slogans on their out-of-state mail. Hundreds of press agents distribute pictures of sun-kissed maidens in flimsy bathing suits. Even the common citizen is apt to do his bit by writing sympathetic messages to friends and relatives in the North during winter blizzards.

All this hullabaloo about sunshine has convinced a vast number of Americans that Floridians do little but lie on the beach under a robin's-egg sky and toast themselves to the hue of old leather. This mental image is more-or-less relevant to life on the Florida Gold Coast, but it is certainly not descriptive of the state as a whole. The 58,560 square miles of lakes, rivers, forests, pastures, cities, groves, mines, gardens and swamps which make up the Golden Peninsula sup-

port several hundred thousand people who never saw the inside of a Miami bar or bet a nickel on the horses at Hialeah.

Actually, it is not easy to make generalizations about life in Florida. Some miscellaneous data about the state's economic activity may show why.

One million five hundred thousand cattle roam the savannahs and highways of Florida, making it one of the leading cattle states in the union. In an unassuming neighborhood near Plant City 500,000 crates of strawberries are packed every year. Sanford, the Celery City of the U. S., ships 40 per cent of the nation's entire celery output. When hurricanes let them alone, the Florida citrus growers can produce enough orange and grapefruit juice to float a battleship — 100 million boxes for a \$160 million gross in a good year.

The ubiquitous pine trees of Northern Florida are tapped by a horde of Negroes and whites: small geranium pots are strapped to the trunks, and the resulting river of turpentine and rosin brings \$50 million to the pro-

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ducers of these "naval stores." Western Florida digs up 400,000 tons of peanuts every year. Florida leads the world in phosphate production and also turns out fabulous amounts of shrimp, green turtle soup, Fuller's earth, sponges, mullet, sugar, avocados, watermelons, papayas, timber, limestone, corn and hogs.

If Florida has the Gold Coast, it also has the Everglades. Nowhere in America, or in Darkest Africa for that matter, is there a wilderness to compare with this 2,860,000-acre jungle. The Everglades is thick with head-high sawgrass that can rip a man's clothes to tatters, crawling with Cottonmouth Mocassins, dotted with quicksand sloughs, and populated by Seminole Indians, black bears, panthers, wildcats and alligators. Great orchids glow in the quiet and shadow of the swamp; one 500-year-old specimen discovered by an historical society weighed 500 pounds and had more than a thousand blossoms. Some of the live oaks and cypress trees in the 'glades were old when Columbus discovered America.

The Everglades, incidentally, would be a potential gold mine for anyone who could figure out a way to drain off the surface water and plant crops. South of Lake Okeechobee (the second largest lake completely inside the United States) there is a fabulous vegetable and sugar cane kingdom. The drained bottomland, lying deep in the decayed humus of cons, is so incredibly rich and fertile that it can be set on fire with a match. Four

separate crops may be harvested in a single year. One shoestring operator cleaned up \$100,000 on a patch of cabbage during the Northern freeze of 1934 — and as yet only a tiny fraction of the 'glades has been brought under cultivation.

Perhaps the most impressive bit of pioneering since Juan Ponce de Leon discovered "the isle of flowers" in 1513 was the penetration of the Everglades by a concrete highway. This road, known as the Tamiami Trail, cuts through the dismal swamp for 175 miles. Its construction was a headache without parallel. First the trail-builders tried filling in the roadbed with pebbles and shell, only to see the morass swallow these as though it were a bottomless pit. Finally the job was done by blasting rock out of the roadbed and piling it up as a sort of dike. Three million sticks of dynamite were needed and the resulting depression is now a navigable canal.

II

Miami, the Eastern terminus of the Tamiami Trail, has been boomed as the Magic City for so long that there would be little point in rehashing its wonders. It is probably sufficient to say that anyone who wants to see Gold Coast Florida at its best, and worst, can do so in Miami. Anything you want — horse racing, fishing, sun-bathing, night life, beautiful women and outdoor sports — is there, provided you can pay the price, which is not inconsiderable.

Ever since the hurricane of 1926,

which left 450 dead, 20,000 injured and \$85 million in property damage, the city has been improving itself. No hurricane will ever catch Miami helpless again. The people rebuilt with reinforced concrete, revamped their building codes and threw up a powerful sea wall. Miami's skyline today reminds one of a small-scale Manhattan, and the people have much of the drive, local pride and big-city contempt for the provinces which is found among New Yorkers.

Other Florida cities, however, are short neither on local pride nor on Chambers of Commerce. St. Augustine features its ancient historical shrines; Daytona Beach booms its magnificent stretch of smooth white sand, where Campbell and Seagrave set their automobile speed records; Jacksonville, the Gateway City, fancies itself as the industrial and shipbuilding center of the state; Tampa manufactures the lion's share of American cigars; Kissimmee proudly refers to itself as Cow Town; Orlando is headquarters for the well-heeled and powerful citrus industry; Tarpon Springs ships a million dollars worth of sponges every year; St. Petersburg plays host to thousands of elderly folk who want a last frolic in the sun before the final curtain falls; Pensacola likes to be known as the birthplace of Naval Aviation; and Tallahassee, the state capitol, boasts of one of the finest women's colleges in America and some beautiful old *ante bellum* mansions.

Florida's backwoods Crackers, Key

West Conchs and urban millionaires all have one characteristic in common: a kind of tolerant informality that makes living in the state easy. If a woman wants to do her shopping barefooted, wearing a pair of swimming shorts and a halter, she can do so without being blacklisted by the PTA or the Epworth League. On a hot day, a man can go to business in a polo shirt, cotton slacks and beach sandals without fear of being reprimanded. Florida businessmen must be among the most informal in the world. The average business lunch hour lasts two hours and, as the joke has it, there are no cases on record of anyone being maimed in the stampede to get to work in the morning. However, since the tourist dollar pays the bills for everybody in a resort town, civic consciousness runs high. The knife-and-fork clubs — Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions, etc. — bring to their weekly luncheons boosters who are constantly planning drives for new highways, bridges, parks or auditoriums to make the neighborhood more attractive to rich winter visitors. The Chamber of Commerce always enjoys the wholehearted financial backing of local interests.

The Chambers have been remarkably successful in luring to the state most of the attractions they have gone after. State music festivals are held every year in Tampa, Winter Park and DeFuniak Springs. No town of any importance is without its Little Theatre group. Sarasota has the Ringling Art Museum with 700

fine works, and an equally great attraction, the carolling bells at Bok tower. Such artists as Rose Bampton, Isaac Stern, Josef Hoffmann and the National Symphony Orchestra have played the Florida winter circuit, and the Metropolitan Opera has performed in Orlando. Historic shrines are plentiful, particularly in St. Augustine, America's oldest city, which was founded on September 8, 1565, by a Spanish Admiral, Don Pedro Menendez de Aviles. St. Augustine's pride and joy is Fort Marion, a bastion with twelve-foot walls of coquina rock which "soaked up canonballs like a sponge." Spain built the fort at the then staggering cost of \$30 million, and it took nearly one hundred years to finish the job. The fort proved almost impregnable when it was completed, and was largely responsible for the Spaniards' remaining in Florida as long as they did. The defenders of the fort should probably be credited with inventing the incendiary bullet. They made a practice of heating their cannon balls red hot before lobbing them into any wooden ships which tried to storm the harbor.

This violent early history, which also includes the bloody Seminole war, the massacre of an entire French colony by Aviles at Matanzas Inlet, and the activities of the Wreckers on the Florida Keys, has provided more than enough material for writers of history books and best-selling novels. Professional writers have migrated to Florida in droves, partly

because of the abundance of material and partly because of a wishful belief that they can always live off fish and citrus fruits if editors are unresponsive to their work. Mrs. Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, for example, put Florida hammock country on the map in *South Moon Under*, *The Yearling* and *Cross Creek*. At his Key West home, Ernest Hemingway did a saga of sex on the high seas called *To Have and Have Not*. Philip Wylie took a ferocious swipe at humanity in general with his acidulous *Generation of Vipers*, which must have shocked his good neighbors in Miami, who were accustomed only to his vanilla-flavored tales of chasing whiz-fish in the balmy gulf waters. There is also a large unsung colony of article-writers, pulpsters and would-be novelists who manage to eke out a living with an occasional sale. Many of these unrecognized talents give up and switch to selling real estate, writing sunshine publicity or going into local politics.

III

Florida politics, though it does not feature crooning senators or mop-pushing governors, is still considerably more colorful than politics in the industrial North. For some years now, the highest of the high muck-a-mucks in the state has been the Honorable Claude Pepper. Pepper does not come up for re-election until 1950, and it is not easy to say how much his weird gyrations of the past years have affected his popularity in the state.

In the interval since his last election, in 1944, Pepper has been successively a faithful New Dealer, a Wallace-style fellow-traveler, a loyal organization Democrat wedded to President Truman, a leader of the Eisenhower boom and a candidate for President himself. During all these switches he has somehow managed to straddle the omnipresent Negro-civil rights question as successfully as any public figure in the South. Judging from the CIO's cool response to his own Presidential aspirations last July, Pepper has lost much of his labor support.

He is, however, one of the cleverest politicians and best orators in the nation, and he will be a difficult man for anybody to beat in 1950. At the age of ten, so the legend has it, young Pepper carved the legend, "Claude Pepper, U. S. Senator," on the wall of a local barn. He knew even then what he wanted, and he has usually been successful in getting what he went after.

Junior Senator Spessard Holland and Governor Millard Caldwell have both provided less excitement than Pepper, but both are widely respected in the state. During the past year under Caldwell, business activity has passed all expectations. Retail sales and individual bank transactions have soared, and bank deposits reached new highs. A record number of new businesses were established and failures were negligible. A state-sponsored national advertising campaign brought millions in extra tourist money into Florida.

However, on the opposite side of the ledger, improvements are sadly needed in agricultural marketing, education, health, construction, highway safety and the wide discrepancies in income distribution. Since the war, thousands of GIs who were stationed at Florida's many Army and Navy bases have returned with their families to take up residence, and the social and physical machinery of the state is naturally creaking at the joints. The Florida State College for Women, at Tallahassee, and the University of Florida, at Gainesville, are badly overcrowded; and this is true also of the denominational colleges such as John B. Stetson University (Baptist), Southern College (Methodist) and Palmer College (Presbyterian). The Florida Department of Agriculture has published a 203-page booklet titled *Future Possibilities in Florida*, which lists about seventy new ways of making a living in the state. A few of the Department's ideas include chemo-plastics, Karakul sheep, Guayule rubber plants, Balsa wood, Pangola Grass, fiber alloys, mosquito control, citrus dehydration, shark fishing, sea shells, Agar Agar, shoe and shirt factories and drug plants. The tax situation makes things easy. There is no poll tax, state income tax, general sales tax, or tax on homesteads up to the value of \$5000. There is no state bonded debt, and many new industries have been exempted from taxes for fifteen years. Couple this with a climate where you have an average of six hours of sunshine

every day in the year, power facilities of over 200 million kilowatts, twenty sea ports, 7500 miles of railroads and almost 8000 miles of paved roads, and you have an altogether attractive situation for founding a new business enterprise.

Local politics tends to be on the stormy side. The Floridian can be sitting quietly listening to his radio during the campaign season when a molasses-thick Southern drawl will begin to drip out of the loudspeaker. It is Mr. J. Hiram Butts, speaking in behalf of his candidacy for city commissioner.

"It is not mah intenshun," declares Butts solemnly, "to criticize mah worthy opponent — but — arrr-huum — theah ah a few little things ah think ah ought to mention." These words prove to be a prelude to a mud-storm in which Mr. Butts' opponent comes off rather badly. Butts reveals that the man is neither honorable nor worthy of a job as garbage picker, that electing him would be tantamount to giving John Dillinger the key to the local treasury, that he spent his youth with a pool cue in one hand and a bottle of White Lightning in the other.

Local newspapers join in the fun, which virtually never results in slander suits, by printing political editorials on the front page, excoriating whomever they dislike in somewhat exaggerated terms and plumping for their favorites with a similar lack of restraint. The day after election everybody sits down together,

uncorks a bottle of Southern Comfort, allows that the best man won, and agrees that the main thing is to keep pulling together for the greater glory of old Platinum Beach.

IV

In addition to their two-fisted participation in local politics, Florida newspapers go in for the same sort of enthusiastic tub-thumping about the glories of the sunshine that you find in Chamber of Commerce offices. This is due in some degree to the fact that a large percentage of readers are visitors from the North and so are naturally considered to be targets for warm-weather advertising. The most influential dailies are, of course, located in Jacksonville, Tampa, St. Petersburg and Miami, but there are some forty smaller daily papers in the state and more than eighty weeklies. The oldest paper in the state is the *Florida Times-Union*, which still uses the original masthead with which it first appeared on the morning of February 4, 1883.

The early Florida editor, regardless of his background and education, sat down to his typewriter "loaded for bear." He tended to scorn such weasel-worded legal safeguards as "it is alleged" or "it has been charged." If an editor believed a man to be a scoundrel he probably called him one and threw in a few other adjectives, such as blackguard and wife-beater, to round out the picture. Those were the days when editors came to work with pistols on their

hips. In recent years, however, the libel laws have become so strict that the mere printing of testimony at a criminal trial makes a paper liable for damages if the accused is acquitted.

Some Florida papers, notably the rural weeklies, are belligerent organs of White Supremacy, but there are exceptions like the crusading Daytona Beach *News-Journal*. Recently the *Journal* received an anonymous letter threatening the editors with dire consequences if they did not cease mixing in a certain local problem. The paper reproduced the letter on the front page and dared the writers to do their worst.

As a general rule, in Florida the Negro gets a better break than he does in Mississippi, Georgia or Louisiana. The Florida Agricultural and Mechanical College for Negroes at Tallahassee offers higher education to a student body of 900, and there are Negro co-ed schools in Jacksonville, St. Augustine and Daytona Beach. It is true, however, that the expenditures for educating Negroes average far less per capita than for whites, and that the deplorable system of holding Negroes in financial bondage through the "commissary system" of owner-operated stores is still practiced in the turpentine and phosphate industries. But the simple-minded brutality which was the stock in trade of Gene Talmadge and Theodore Bilbo is not in evidence. Florida Negroes can and do vote, serve on juries, own their own homes and businesses, and live without fear of

lynch mobs or the Ku Klux Klan.

Florida Negroes take their religion seriously, particularly in rural communities, where the Fire-and-Brimstone pastor interprets the Bible literally and confronts his flock each Sunday with a choice between the Devil wielding red-hot pincers and Streets of Gold, a Harp and a Halo. Some old Negro women entrance their children with a legend to the effect that Heaven has a Sea of Glass where the angels skate every afternoon, and that the two main streets, Amen street and Halleluja Avenue, intersect in front of the throne. It is also said that Negroes have not been permitted to wear wings ever since the time one eager young lad took off before he had received flying lessons and tore down a lot of gold hangings. God was upset and Gabriel ripped off the student pilot's wings once and for all.

The strangest religious sect in the state, however, is the now almost extinct Koreshan Unity group. The Koreshans are white men who believe that the earth is a hollow ball with the moon, sun and stars suspended within and people clinging to the interior of the rind. It is not quite clear how we get a sunset with this arrangement, or why a ship moving away from us doesn't climb up instead of dipping behind the horizon, but the Koreshans are all pretty aged now and don't like to be bothered with such contentious arguments. Since they believe in strict celibacy, there is not a particularly bright

outlook for the future of the sect.

Probably no other state has as many contrasts as Florida. You find the indigent beachcomber living happily off shrimp and garden truck in his palm thatched *chikee*, while a few miles up the road a multi-millionaire reclines on the patio of his Spanish mansion. The smart real-estate operator may turn over \$100,000 on a single sale while the turpentine worker barely earns enough to keep him in grits and rum. Gin-happy playboys may do nothing but lie on the sand or play footsie with their best friends' wives, while horny-handed construction workers not far off wade chest-deep through the swamps to put in a new highway. Alligator and lion farms, reptile ranches and Indian villages all vie with grocery stores and tourist *cabañas* for the Yankee dollar. Some sections of the state are as domestic and uninteresting as a plate of beans, but the Everglades and the wild clutter of Mangrove and shell known as the 10,000 islands have been the hideouts of pirates and savage Indians for centuries. Over 600 varieties of fish swim in Florida's lakes, rivers, and coastal waters — everything from the tiny *menhaden*, which is inedible but useful for fertilizer, to the giant Manta ray, which reaches a weight of 2000 pounds and can tow a sizable yacht for miles without tiring. The visitor can find ordinary pine trees growing side by side with such tropical monsters as the Strangler fig and the thorny *Cerus pentagonus*,

a five-angled nightmare with sharp spines that can pierce a leather boot. The common chicken thrives along with the sweet-throated mockingbird and the Arctic tern, which makes a Florida stopover on its annual 22,000-mile trek between the poles.

Tourist attractions are so numerous that it is impossible to drive far over any of the main highways without encountering a number of them. At Silver Springs, 800 million gallons of pure clear water bubble up from the subterranean limestone caverns every day. Near Miami a man can wander through elaborate monkey and parrot jungles with his camera. Sarasota is winter training grounds for the Ringling circus, and the whole state is used by big-league ball teams for training every spring. South of St. Augustine, at a place called Marineland studios, there is the most spectacular aquarium in the world — a giant tank where fish of all types and sizes swim together, make love, eat their neighbors and generally have a big time. Daytona Beach puts on a 200-mile motorcycle race which draws riders from every state in the union. All kinds of sporting events are held throughout the state: trap-shooting, shuffleboard, small boat racing, water skiing, sailfish derbies, football classics, golf tournaments, horse shows, stock car races, lawn bowling, dog racing, horse racing and a good many others.

Most of the local Chambers of Commerce in Florida have an easy time of it. All they have to do is tell the truth.

A GRAND DUKE COMES TO AMERICA

BY ALBERT PARRY

IN NOVEMBER 1871 the Astor House in New York flashed big letters amid the blue and white bunting on its façade:

GRAND DUKE ALEXIS
SON OF A NOBLE FATHER
REPRESENTATIVE OF THIS NATION'S
DEARLY CHERISHED ALLY

THIS COUNTRY MOST HEARTILY
WELCOMES YOU
FROM ONE EXTREME TO ANOTHER

A nearby poulterer displayed in his window two Thanksgiving turkeys back to back, an arresting imitation of the doubleheaded Russian eagle. Appreciatively, the august visitor instructed his hotel to buy all its fowl from the clever merchant. In bars up and down Broadway Alexis Cocktails were served; shoeshine boys offered Alexis Polish; dishes were named after the Russian; and clothes were advertised as cut after his pattern. New York — and with it the entire land — made Alexis the fashion of the season.

For here was the first Romanov ever to visit American soil, no mere nephew or cousin of the Tsar, but one

of the younger sons of Alexander II. In the cheers of the Yankees was an echo of the mutual adulation of the Civil War period, when Alexander's fleet rode gaily at anchor in the harbors of New York and San Francisco, when Lincoln and the Tsar were freeing slaves and serfs in what seemed to be a common cause.

Six years after the war, Grand Duke Alexis was sent by his father across the ocean to repay a visit by Admiral Farragut. Few Americans knew that Alexander chose Alexis for this mission to keep him away from Sasha Zhukovskaya, the Tsarina's lady in waiting, whom the young man loved and wished to marry with all the urgent fire of his twenty-two years.

His trip was a boon to Americans even if the traveler himself was gloomy. Americans were decidedly in the proper mood to welcome a representative of royalty as stable as that of Russia. The United States was struggling through an era of troubled recovery after a fratricidal war. There was disturbing news of the short but bloody Paris Commune. From other West European lands came tidings of

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industrial unrest and all kinds of radical notions. Russia alone seemed serene, unharried by widespread revolutionary fevers, and handling her few Nihilists in a tersely patriarchal way. Here was her royal messenger to provide America — especially her females — with an object of admiration, with a mechanism of escape from the threats of radicalism.

Even when some Americans cracked jests at the to-do made over the visitor, it was good-natured fun, untainted by any gall and wormwood. In Buffalo Alexis gave to an opera songstress a gold bracelet of Russian workmanship, set with twenty-eight diamonds and twelve turquoises; and on hearing of the gift one New York journalist remarked: "The father of Alexis is almost as rich as one of our indicted aldermen."

True, some ladies were somewhat disappointed when, on his landing in New York, the Grand Duke walked down from the frigate *Svetlana* in the simple uniform of a naval lieutenant without many resplendent trappings on his plain black coat — only one ribbon and two medals. It was this simplicity of attire which misled President Eliot of Harvard, with results that almost precipitated an international crisis.

When word spread that the Grand Duke was to include Harvard in his itinerary, with Eliot as his guide through the Yard, undergraduate pranksters got busy. On the morning of the scheduled visit, one hack after another drove up to the President's

door in answer to calls for transportation supposedly issued by Mr. Eliot. The actual count of the jehus was lost somewhere between sixty and seventy before the day was over. Harvard Square was packed with furious hackmen trying to turn around and rumble back to their stands, when a caterer arrived at the head of a retinue of waiters. He had an extensive stock of linen and plate, and declared that he had been hired to serve President Eliot's 125 guests.

While the President frantically protested that he had hired no one and was not planning to entertain any diners, a young man appeared in the doorway with the modest announcement that he was Grand Duke Alexis. In his understandable state of near-apoplexy, Mr. Eliot could stutter but one helpless "Go away." Unfortunately, however, it *was* the Grand Duke. The President was finally convinced of this, though not before a portrait of the Russian had been produced from a recent *Harper's*.

In later years this sojourn in Boston must have been remembered by Alexis Romanov for its poetry and oratory. School children of Back Bay and the plebeian sections chorused in his honor the new stanzas written by Oliver Wendell Holmes:

Bleak our shores with blast of December,
Throbbing and warm are the hearts that
remember

Who was our friend when the world was
our foe!

Fires of the North in eternal communion
Blend your head flashes with every bright
star.

God bless the Emperor who loves the
Great Union,
Strength to her people, long life to the
Tsar!

At the main Boston banquet the chairman of the reception committee, Robert Winthrop, unburdened himself of a remarkable speech. Latter-day commentators define it as "the longest speech the Grand Duke had heard to date, probably one of the longest ever heard after an American dinner." Roger Dow and Alexander Tarsaidzé, in their excellent work on Russian-American relations from 1776 to 1917, thus describe this high-water mark of 1871:

The speech went on and on. The history of Russia was reviewed with the exclusion of very few details. Farragut was taken to Russia and brought home again, Benjamin Franklin's kite was discussed, and eventually the *Svetlana* was anchored in New York and the Grand Duke deposited on American shores. This, with any ordinary after-dinner speaker, would have meant that the end was approaching, but Mr. Winthrop was made of sterner stuff. This was but the veriest beginning. Catherine II's meeting with the Emperor of Austria was still to come, as well as a conversation between Washington and Lafayette over Catherine's character — not wholly accurate, it is to be regretted — and various odds and ends that the speaker raked up from an inexhaustible memory. The speech was once more brought up to date with the visit of the Russian fleet to America in 1863, and the career of Prince Gorchakov, the Tsar's foreign minister, was recited, after which Winthrop took a deep breath, surveyed his audience severely, and said: "Russia had, indeed, an earlier history." This necessitated a considerable retracing of steps and a plugging up of chinks and

crevices that Mr. Winthrop feared he had left at various places in his oration. When he finally concluded with a short history of serfdom in Russia and its extinction by Alexander II, no one doubted that the subject had been adequately covered. The remaining speakers of the evening showed that they were beaten before they began. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow merely wagged his beard and made no speech at all.¹

II

New York, on the other hand, had no such intellectual fare to offer the prince of Muscovy. The best it could do was include Professor Samuel F. B. Morse, the inventor of telegraphy, in the welcoming committee, and Professor Morse's daughter among the Grand Duke's dancing partners. Other beautiful ladies of Manhattan fluttered and curtsied. But to little avail: the Grand Duke's tender thoughts were in St. Petersburg, with sweet Zhukovskaya.

But Gotham knew how to appeal to his palate if not his heart. At the banquet in Nillson Hall, for instance, the French menu (printed in gold on satin) took the guest through roasts, fowls and savouries to such overwhelming desserts as a spunsugar statuette of Alexander II and Nicholas I facing a chocolate George Washington against a background of two nougat men-o'-war floating on a sea of meringue.

Upstate and in the Midwestern provinces the hosts evidenced a flour-

¹ *Tsars and Presidents*, unpublished. I am much obliged to Messrs. Dow and Tarsaidzé for permission to use this quotation, as well as certain other data, from their manuscript.

ish of their own. In Buffalo some twenty thousand citizens, most of them women, came to greet the Tsar's son at the railroad station. In Cleveland, despite frigid weather, the crowd was so dense that militiamen of the Cleveland Greys had to use bayonets to push it aside for the royal passage from the train. This gave the militiamen an idea: soon the Greys journeyed to Detroit, where they performed a similar service for the Duke.

In Detroit the owners of the Russell House were offered five hundred dollars for the bed in which Alexis had slept. The chambermaid in charge of the bed was tempted with a generous bribe to let the city's fashionable dress-maker have the sheets. The dress-maker's plan was to cut the sheets into handkerchiefs for sale to Detroit's bon ton.

At every railroad station of importance bands waited to play, loudly and awkwardly, *God Save the Tsar*. In each town Alexis was shown the waterworks. Everywhere he was given samples of local mining. Detroit loaded him with specimens of copper, silver, malachite, and quartz. In St. Louis, the Laclede Iron Mills presented him with a plush-lined case of rosewood containing thirteen items of Missouri iron. St. Louis also contributed a morocco-bound album containing 480 sheets of rolled iron, each no thicker than tissue paper, the entire book only one inch thick and shining like a volume of silver pages. Alexis promised to place the album on

exhibition at the next Imperial fair.

In Chicago he was taken to the scenes of the recent fire. Mayor Joseph Medill was the Russian's escort — Medill of the *Chicago Tribune* and grandfather of our own Colonel Robert R. McCormick. Later the host and the guest exchanged their opinions informally, the Mayor finding the Grand Duke a charming, educated and talented young man; the Grand Duke saying that the fire was much more destructive than he had supposed, but that the unburnt part was also greater than he had imagined. There were formal speeches, too, Medill comparing Chicago's conflagration of 1871 with the Moscow fire of 1812. And Alexis replying politely, as one newspaper reported it, "that Chicago is all right for the future. Moscow, without any railroads, was rebuilt in less than ten years. Chicago, with her extensive railways, would rise from the ashes inside of four, or he was no prophet."

Just as civilly he marveled at Chicago's waterworks with its tunnel under the lake. But, alas, he was not impressed by the stockyards. He had seen better ones in Copenhagen, "the hogs coming out in strings of sausage, pleasant indeed for a Russian to contemplate," as an American reporter had it.

By the time he reached Memphis he was tired of speeches, and said so. The reception preceding the Memphis dance for him was cancelled to thwart spellbinders. With a lightened heart the Grand Duke danced till

three in the morning amid the profusion of Russian and American flags in the Overton Hotel ballroom, where the familiar *Welcome Alexis* was spelled out in a novel manner: by a circle of gas jets above the main chandelier.

New Orleans at the very end of the trip, "decked like a bride in her orange blossoms" (as a contemporary chronicler put it), outdid herself for the Duke at that year's Mardi Gras. His visit had a permanent effect on the festival's history: though the Mardi Gras is by now some 250 years old, its outstanding contemporary feature — the Mistick Krewe of Rex — was first organized in 1872 to honor the Tsar's son.

III

Probably the two biggest shindigs of his American journey were his buffalo hunt with Buffalo Bill, and his trip down the Mississippi.

The royal hunt was eternalized a few years ago in a movie on the life of Colonel William F. Cody. Hollywood to the contrary, this was practically the only part of the journey Alexis really enjoyed. From the time the special train arrived in North Platte (January 12, 1872) to the hunt's end a few days later, the Grand Duke was all eyes and ears, shots and shouts. The Nebraska scene exhilarated him.

General Phil Sheridan accompanied Alexis from Chicago and introduced him to Buffalo Bill, who was waiting at the North Platte station with a company of cavalry and fifteen or

twenty saddle horses for the guests. The party set out southward, across the South Platte toward Medicine Creek, beyond which lay the new Camp Alexis. Here Chief Spotted Tail and his men and women waited, accompanied by General Custer in dramatic buckskins. It was with a little boy's excitement that the Grand Duke inspected the Indians. While Custer flirted with one of Spotted Tail's daughters, Alexis paid mild court to another.

The hunt began the next morning. A herd of buffaloes was soon located, and Buffalo Bill had some difficulty restraining the Russian's eagerness for a kill. He taught Alexis how to keep to windward and hide behind the sand hills of the prairie before shooting. When the Grand Duke finally fired and a buffalo fell, the Russian was transported to new heights of joy. He quickly sent a cablegram to his Imperial father, announcing the momentous event.

The next day a celebrated Indian hunter named Two Lance awed Alexis by sending an arrow clear through the body of the largest buffalo that could be sighted. On another occasion, at Sheridan's merry suggestion, Cody took the driver's seat of a stage coach, with the General and Grand Duke as passengers, to show them the wildest and roughest riding in the Western style of which Buffalo Bill was the acknowledged master. Evenings there was drinking and singing. The Tsar's son, loosening his cravat, sang *Yankee Doodle*. Gen-

eral Sheridan improvised his own verses to *Johnny Comes Marching Home*:

And we'll all feel bad when
Aleck goes traveling home.

The voyage down the Mississippi, to New Orleans in February 1872, was the Grand Duke's exit from the States. Among my Chicago friends interested in old Americana I hear Homeric stories about the giddy time the Russian had going down the river. To begin with, the ship on which Alexis was to travel from Memphis got caught in ice above the city, and could not reach the port. On learning this, several steamboat captains raced from New Orleans, hoping to win the great prize. The *James Howard*, one of the best side-wheelers, came first. The Grand Duke and his party, Russians and Americans, boarded her. Newspapermen were barred, but a certain John H. Carter sneaked in disguised as a pastry cook. This rather colored his subsequent copy, which often seemed to resemble a bill of fare.

As the final salute from Memphis' cannon boomed across the river, and last handkerchiefs waved from the receding bluff, the Grand Duke began to eat and, mostly, drink. He fascinated Carter by downing solid liquors at ten o'clock in the morning, after a repast of coffee, roll and poached egg. On the other hand, wrote Carter, "The American habit of shovelling thirty or forty different kinds of food into the stomach at

each meal is not practised by the Russian. If eating is not reduced by him to a science, it is, at least, done systematically, and with a due regard to bodily health." Here was a light mid-day meal chosen by Alexis: omelet, beefsteak with fried and mashed potatoes, fricassee of chicken, bread and butter, many and various liquors, wines and cigars.

There were five ladies in the party, and each afternoon they and their gentlemen were mellowed by the drinks enough to want to dance. The dance was interrupted by dinner at six, of five courses (soup, fish, roast veal, roast turkey and desserts) and much wine.

The popping of corks and ringing of glasses mingled their notes with music, which was a part of everything, and was kept a-going from the time the Prince rose until he retired, with the exception of short intervals, when the musicians withdrew for a few moments to lay in a fresh supply of wind. On meeting boats, a gun was always fired, which was answered by several toots of the whistle, and the waving of hats and cheering.

The only serious member of the party was Vice Admiral Possiet of the Grand Duke's Russian suite. He was on the boat's roof or in the pilot's house all the time, taking lengthy notes on the river and its current, on the shores and their appearance, on the crewmen and the information they could give him on a thousand and one subjects pertaining to the United States. Apparently he had read widely, for he knew more Mis-

issippi history than anyone aboard. "You say," he once exclaimed, "this is the mouth of White River? Why, here it was the great De Soto died!" The pilot was not exactly moved: "That may be. I've knowed a heap of chaps to hand in their checks here." The Admiral was tragic: "O De Soto! De Soto! to think that your bones should sleep beneath this lonely, dismal stream, away from country and descendants."

IV

There was a darker political significance to the Grand Duke's visit than most of the cheering Americans realized. Though the friendship of the two peoples seemed sincere, they were diplomatically not on speaking terms. Constantin Catacazy, a Russian of Greek origin, the Tsar's envoy to the Grant administration, did not get along with Hamilton Fish, Grant's Secretary of State. There were charges, counter-charges, and other squabbles, mostly of a personal nature. Washington officials said they had caught the Russo-Greek trying to influence the United States press and Senate against the British-American treaty then pending. And how did they trap him? Benjamin Perley Poore was to reminisce fourteen years later:

There was a little Frenchwoman at Washington, young, sprightly, and accomplished, who had won her way into the Catacazy household through the sympathies of its handsome mistress. She was made companion of, advised with, and

intrusted with whatever the house or Legation contained, confidential or otherwise. All the public or private letters, papers, and despatches passed under the eyes of this bright little woman, all that was said went into her sharp ears, and every day she made a written report of what she had heard and seen, which was privately sent to the Department of State, and for which she was handsomely remunerated from the Secret Service Fund.

Poore knew whereof he spoke. For many years he was a journalist in Washington, and also clerk of the Senate's records and editor of the Congressional Directory.

And though Catacazy had many weighty complaints against certain high-placed parties in Washington, he presented them in such a consistently undiplomatic manner that Secretary Fish felt justified in requesting the Tsar to recall him. The Tsar agreed on the condition that President Grant's government tolerate Catacazy until Grand Duke Alexis had come and gone. In part, then, Alexis' visit had been designed to smooth the feathers of the American eagle which had been ruffled by Catacazy.

But neither Grant nor Fish invited Alexis to dinner. His official reception at the White House lasted barely fifteen minutes, and was not too warm — primarily because Catacazy accompanied Alexis, as in his diplomatic capacity he was expected to. Bowing out stiffly, Alexis went back to the Russian legation to write a complaining letter to his father. The Tsar was angry. The next time he saw the American minister in St. Peters-

burg, he remarked pointedly that he was grateful for the reception of his son "not by the *President* of the United States, but by the *people* of the United States." As a matter of fact, the Tsars had always liked to stress a conviction that the United States government did not exactly represent the people of America. (It never seemed to occur to them that a comparison to their own governments might not be favorable to them.) Some signs of this tension appear to have been detected by the hosts of the Grand Duke while he was still in Boston. At the famous banquet in that city, James Russell Lowell said he hoped the American and Russian eagles would never come to clawing and pecking each other, for "our noble bird would be at a decided disadvantage, as the other has two heads." In New York one anonymous writer, describing the Grand Duke's sojourn as "a pleasant ecstasy of courtesy between the two nations," reminded his fellow countrymen that "America has been so prudent and cautious . . . that there is little opportunity for any government" to show ill will toward Uncle Sam. "May the two nations go on in peace and prosperity together." He wished that the Grand Duke would ever remember his junket "with a thrill of affection for our country." The writer concluded:

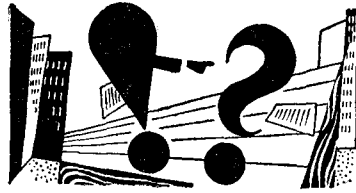
If terrible times ever come when in the land of his birth he has not where to lay his head, then in the bosom of this glorious continent, where is found a refuge for the oppressed of all nations, and under the shelter of this flag, whose blue ground is brighter than the summer's sky, and whose stars rival those of a winter midnight, he will find a welcome and a home.

Alexis was lucky enough to die seven years before the 1917 revolution, but a dozen or so other Romanovs did find haven in this country after Lenin and Trotsky took over Russia. Among them was Count Alexis Belevsky, grandson of Grand Duke Alexis by his unofficial union with Mlle. Zhukovskaya. During World War II the grandson worked in a Brooklyn factory as an engineer.

But at least one memento of the American trip of 1871-72 yet remains in Russia. This is the hide of the buffalo slain under Colonel Cody's direction. It hangs on the wall of a naval school in Leningrad. A Russian friend of mine, a graduate of that school, tells me that generations of students had this superstition about it: you could pass your examination if you touched a certain part of the hide's anatomy with your drill bayonet. The part has been missing some thirty years now, ever since my friend poked at it with rather desperate energy on his way to a stiff exam. But he did pass the test.



THE SOAP BOX



EDITORIAL NOTES

Shop Talk. It's a strange life, indeed, even for editors. Only two issues back we reminisced in this place about the fantastic things editors are sometimes called up to do, and in particular recalled that long ago a lady asked a member of the staff to help her in the endeavor to win the affections of a contributor to this magazine, who unfortunately did not see his way clear, as graduates of certain schools of business administration say, to return her affections. No sooner was the issue of the magazine containing this bit of history on the newsstands than an old contributor, who has been absent from our pages for years, called in person at the office and asked an editor to help him locate his wife, who a couple of weeks before had run off with the family car and with her person, as the lawyers would have it, depriving the man of her company and services, so clearly indicated in every marriage contract. The poor man added, "She never did such a thing before." . . . The number of poems on the atom bomb that flood

magazine offices these days must be stupendous. In the MERCURY office we must get at least one hundred a month. Most of them, needless to say, are pretty dreadful, full of pious vapidities. So far we have got only one, and a very good one, too, which we rushed into print. We refer to "Cradle Song," by Frances Frost in the July issue. We are not surprised that many newspapers are reprinting it. . . . A magazine office gets all sorts of newspapers and magazines from virtually every section of the country. In every office there is someone who runs through this mass of print, and in the MERCURY office one of the editors actually looks forward to it; he is an incurable reader — so much so, in fact, that in addition to listening, on the radio, to the extraordinary prose of keynote speeches delivered at political conventions, he also reads them, in order to "get the full flavor of them." Occasionally this editor comes across material that has unusual interest. The inmates of the Nebraska State Prison publish a magazine called *Forum*. It carries prose and verse. It also carries ad-

vertisements. A recent issue carried advertisements of a prominent bank of the state, an apparently high grade shoppe selling "saddles, bridles, martingales, saddlery goods, leather of all kinds, luggage and leather goods," a cigar store, a lumber company, a "Home of Good Furniture," and a "Physical Fitness Headquarters." The New Penology, it seems, is in operation in Nebraska. . . . Some prospective contributors, especially women, think it would help them enormously to see an editor when submitting material so that they could get "a personal idea" of the man they were dealing with and thus perhaps have better luck in getting acceptances. MERCURY editors are very cordial and hospitable to all visitors, but the simple truth is that such "personal ideas" seldom do the contributor any good. Editors as a class are very polite, much more so than beginning writers imagine, but they are also cold and objective when considering a manuscript. Of course, editors are pleased when watching a beautiful woman smile softly or gently turn her neatly shaped head, but the pleasure does not influence their critical judgment. It is no secret in the journalistic profession, as it is probably no secret to the general public, that many successful women writers would have some difficulty in achieving fame in Hollywood — as many of the women stars in filmdom would have some difficulty in getting their brain children, to use a phrase common in Hollywood intellectual circles, into the pages of

magazines. . . . The past month a charming young lady, a graduate of one of the reputable Eastern women's colleges, has been trying to sell us an article "proving" the scientific validity of palmistry. The editorial staff is still skeptical. A sense of chivalry keeps us from making public the name of the women's college the palmistry advocate attended.



In the near future we shall print an article in the journalism series that, we feel, will have special interest to all who are bemoaning the low level of so many contemporary radical and so-called liberal periodicals. Mr. Floyd Dell, who with Max Eastman, did so much to make journalistic history with the old *Masses* will relate the history of that periodical of blessed memory, presenting a generous number of anecdotes, thus giving the flavor of an organ that, unfortunately, was later besmirched by the metaphysicians and "artists" who sing the blessings of the Red tyranny. . . . Speaking of the journalism series, we would also like to call the attention of our readers to two other articles, to wit, "Two-Gun Editors" by Wayne Gard, and "The Love Pulp" by Ann Griffith. The first is gory and glorious history that may upset timid students in schools of journalism, and even more so their professors, but we are sure will delight all others; and the second is a wonderful and hilarious study of a group of magazines that specialize in what used to be

called the tender passion — and Mrs. Griffith quotes from these magazines *verbatim et literatim*.



RAILROAD STATIONS

The heavy thinkers and meaning-seekers will probably laugh at me for bothering myself to write about it, but I do want to go on record about something: railroad stations. Railroad stations fascinate me. I have wandered through nearly all the major ones in this country and abroad. I particularly like to visit them in the early morning hours, when they are deserted; their grand charm then comes out most effectively. Well, now to my main point. I think that the Grand Central station in New York and the 30th Street Station of the Pennsylvania Railroad in Philadelphia are without question the most truly wonderful on this globe. The other day I happened to find myself, about three in the morning, in the lobby of the 30th Street station, and I was almost overwhelmed by its majesty.

ALLERTON O. MASON

Shreveport, La.

CRITICISM OF THE PRESS

One of the things the American press, especially the newspapers, suffer from is the lack of real criticism. The few professional magazines that pretend to cover the dailies and weeklies are barely worth the paper they are printed on: they are full of shabby

self-praise and they carry too much advertising by newspapers. I think there should be a real, honest magazine of criticism of the press, and I suggest that the journalistic profession subsidize it, granting it a subsidy sufficient to carry it for a decade or more. I make this last provision to make sure the profession does not change its mind after it sees what the magazine prints. Of course, for an editor the magazine should have someone who is in no way beholden to the editors and publishers of the newspapers, and surely he should not in any way be connected with a school of journalism, for most of the people who teach in them are timid and wouldn't think of saying an unkind word about any papers, least of all their editors and publishers.

I myself have no specific ideas as to who should be editor, but once he is picked he should be given a fat salary and guaranteed absolute freedom. One more word: the magazine must not have any advertising whatsoever. The only concession I would make to the newspapers is that each paper which has contributed to the support of the magazine get its weekly or monthly or bi-weekly or bi-monthly copy without charge — though, on second thought, I'm not so sure of that either. Of course, the magazine should be on sale to the public. The public has a right to know what's wrong with the papers it is supporting — and a right to complain.

M. P. DENTON

New York City

TEN FALLACIES OF FELLOW-TRAVELERS

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

IN THIS time of overshadowing international crisis the air is thick with wishful fallacies about short-cuts to American-Soviet agreement. Some of these fallacies are rooted in ignorance and misunderstanding. Others are the product of half-truths and truths which are irrelevant.

Outright Communist and extreme fellow-traveler propaganda appeals to a limited and shrinking clientele in America today. The fallacies I have in mind are more dangerous because they often sound reasonable and tolerant and are circulated by individuals who would indignantly and sometimes sincerely repudiate any special sympathy with the Soviet régime. Anyone who reads the newspapers and listens to serious programs of discussion on the radio will recognize the frequency with which these ten fallacies crop up.

(1) *"The Soviet Union only wants security."* This soothing phrase is used over and over again to "explain" and justify a long series of acts of crude force and subtle intrigue which have led to the outright annexation of more than 270,000 square miles in Europe

and Asia, inhabited by some 24 million people, and to the imposition of vassal status on a much larger area of Eastern and Central Europe, over 600,000 square miles, with a population of over 100 million. If security is, as it should be, the right of the Russian people, why is it not equally the right of the many smaller peoples — Poles, Letts, Estonians, Lithuanians, Finns, Rumanians, Hungarians and others — who have suffered cruelly from the executions, mass deportations and wholesale confiscations that are an unvarying feature of Soviet expansion?

But the obvious truth is that security is a very secondary consideration in the minds of the Soviet rulers. These rulers know from experience that their country was secure against external attack when it was much weaker militarily than it is now, in the twenties, so long as Germany was effectively disarmed. When the war ended in Europe three years ago there was complete agreement among the victors as to the necessity of imposing thorough disarmament on Germany. The United States offered a

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40-year treaty to underwrite this objective in 1946. But the Soviet government showed no interest.

The underlying impulse behind Soviet expansion is not that much-abused word "security" — unless, of course, one admits that world conquest is a legitimate means of assuring security. That was Hitler's idea.

An unconsciously prophetic comment on this security argument was furnished by a British correspondent whom I once heard arguing with the censor in Moscow. It was in 1929, when Soviet troops had invaded Manchuria from two directions in order to assert the Soviet claim to the Chinese Eastern Railway. The censor was insisting that the correspondent emphasize in his dispatch that Soviet troops were "counter-attacking" the Chinese. "Oh, yes," the correspondent observed, "when you take Washington you will still be . . . counter-attacking."

(2) "*Russia is only doing in Eastern Europe what we do in Latin America.*" One could hardly imagine a more inept or profoundly inaccurate analogy. Had the Soviet régime modeled its relations with smaller and weaker states in Eastern Europe on our good neighbor policy most of the present international atmosphere of chronic tension would never have arisen.

Even in the days of our not-so-good-neighbor policy it would be interesting to know when we deported over a million Mexicans or Brazilians under conditions of barbarous in-

humanity — as the Soviet authorities deported Poles and natives of the Baltic states. Our southern frontier has remained stationary for a century. If we have maintained quisling training schools in Washington to prepare leaders of governments which we imposed by armed force it would be interesting to have the facts and details.

(3) "*The Russian people don't want war.*" True, but unfortunately quite irrelevant. I doubt whether there was ever an occasion in history when the majority of a people sincerely "wanted" war. The average individual German did not want to risk his life marching against Poland, France or Russia. I was in Japan at the time of the large-scale invasion of China; and the enthusiasm was distinctly synthetic. The individual Russian did not want to suffer and perhaps die in the snowy forests of Finland in 1939.

But when people are in the grip of a totalitarian system they march when they get their mobilization orders. The few dissenters are quickly and unceremoniously rubbed out. The fact that the Russian as an individual does not "want" war is no assurance whatever that Russians in the mass will not move into Iran, Turkey or Norway, on any aggressive enterprise on which their rulers may be bent.

(4) "*Any government that opposes Communism is reactionary.*" This idea is not always put so bluntly. But it is an underlying assumption in much comment on régimes in power in any

country where Moscow cherishes imperialist aspirations — in China, in Greece, in Turkey, in Italy. I have sometimes thought our long list of “front” organizations should include one with some such title as: “Committee to Expose the Reactionary Character of any Government the Soviet Union Wants to Upset.”

Of course one should not go to the other extreme and assume that a government is democratic merely because it is anti-Communist. One can, however, on the basis of the historical record, make this statement: From the standpoint of establishing a complete tyranny over the minds and bodies of its subjects the most “reactionary” régime that exists anywhere today is less scientifically organized and more susceptible to change than the Soviet government in Russia.

(5) “*Communists, after all, are progressives.*” Anyone who thinks otherwise is to be set down as a reactionary or, that most dreadful of epithets, a “redbaiter.” (The Lawyers’ Guild, in a recent statement indicative of its own outlook, used the phrase “Communists and other progressives.”)

Now this assumption is clearly a matter of definition. Is it “progressive” to abolish habeas corpus? Is it “progressive” to regiment every written and spoken word with an efficiency which would have excited the envy of the most tyrannical Tsar? Is it “progressive” to restore human slavery, which virtually disappeared from the civilized world almost a hun-

dred years ago, when Tsar Alexander II abolished serfdom in Russia in 1861 and Abraham Lincoln issued the Emancipation Proclamation in 1863?

Anyone who put such questions in the truly liberal era before the First World War would have been regarded as a would-be ironist or as a suitable candidate for mental examination. The dogma that Communism is morally and socially progressive is one of the saddest exhibits in the spiritual and semantic confusion of our time.

(6) “*While we don’t like Communism, we should do nothing active to check its spread. Other peoples have a right to try it out. Then, if they don’t like it, they can get rid of it.*”

This sounds like enlightened liberal tolerance. It would indeed be most desirable if the challenge represented by Communism could be settled in a peaceful, civilized way by the ordeal of free competition in the world marketplace of ideas. Unfortunately, Communists don’t play ball that way. The first condition of such a free competition would be a high and universally respected standard of political and civil liberty. There should be equal opportunity for people in Communist-ruled countries to read anti-Communist literature and to vote for non-Communist parties and for people outside the Soviet sphere to read Communist literature and to vote for Communist candidates.

To state this condition is to show why the idea of meeting the Com-

munist challenge on the basis of a fairly conducted baseball or football game is a fantastic absurdity. The Communist mind simply does not think in these terms. It has been the unvarying Communist policy, in the USSR and other countries, to exploit to the utmost the possibilities of free agitation in "bourgeois" societies and then to wipe out the faintest vestiges of freedom after getting into power themselves. To suggest that any people under Communist rule has a chance to throw off the system by peaceful constitutional methods is either cynicism or incredible naïveté, in view of the mountainous evidence to the contrary.

(7) "*You can't suppress an idea by force.*" One would like to believe this familiar proposition, although the totalitarian states of our time, Communist and fascist alike, furnish some rather discouraging evidence to the contrary. Liberal and humane values which Russia and Germany formerly shared with the rest of the civilized world were certainly uprooted all too successfully by the methods of Stalin and Hitler, with their systematic destruction of the independent personality, of family bonds, of all personal loyalties except the fanatical belief that the Leader is always right.

Now it would be both wrong and foolish to persecute Communism *as an idea*, even though Communism, entrenched in power, is avowedly, systematically and utterly intolerant of all non-Communist ideas. We want

no purges of our libraries, no burnings of the works of Marx, Lenin and Stalin. Insofar as Communism is an idea, a system of political, economic and social thought, it can most properly and effectively be met by other ideas, by exposures of its weaknesses and fallacies, of the tremendous gap between theory and practice, promise and performance in every land where Communists have taken over power.

But there are much more formidable and sinister aspects of Communism. It is the ideological cement for an international subversive conspiracy, backed to the limit by the power, prestige and resources of the Soviet Union. So the soothing liberal tag about not being able to check an idea with force is not relevant in considering these aspects of Communism. Force, to be sure, is not an effective answer to an idea. But force, or a show of force, is unfortunately the only effective means of stopping military aggression. It has its place in repressing overt subversive movements.

(8) "*The only way to stop Communism is to make democracy work better at home.*" Obviously good American citizens should always be trying to "make democracy work better," and not only with a view to stopping Communism. But it is a lapse into sheer isolationist escapism to suggest that concentration on reforms in America, combined with an ostrich-like attitude toward Communist aggression, would meet the needs of the present situation.

Suppose a Prime Minister of Norway found himself confronted with a Soviet stand-and-deliver ultimatum. Would he be more interested in whether every Negro had voted in the South Carolina primaries or in how many aircraft carriers and long-range bombers the United States would be able to back him up with?

If the test of practical results could have settled the issue between Soviet Communism and the free political and economic system of the United States, there could be no question as to the verdict. With all its imperfections, American society offers a way of life so incomparably superior in terms of personal security and physical well-being that almost no one who is in a position to choose between the Soviet Union and America as a place of residence would hesitate to choose America. But Communist dictatorship, with its double weapon of unlimited terrorism and unlimited propaganda, can distort and nullify this verdict by keeping most of the people under its control profoundly ignorant of conditions in free countries and by refusing facilities for independent investigation of living conditions under its own régime.

(9) "*Truman and Stalin should get together and settle differences around the conference table.*" This suggestion acquires a topical character because of Molotov's sleight-of-hand trick of announcing an American invitation to a conference when no such invitation was intended.

A Truman-Stalin meeting, held without previous conditions and, above all, without a number of Soviet actions indicating a complete change of policy, would be a catastrophe, another Munich or Yalta on a larger scale. It would arouse the gravest suspicions of our intentions in those foreign countries with which we have been slowly forging a common policy of resistance to Communism. It would be exploited by Communist propaganda throughout the world as an indication of American weakness and instability.

The clamor for a Truman-Stalin meeting is based on the preposterously false assumption that there is an equal measure of responsibility for the present tension in international relations, and that mutual concessions are in order. This overlooks the vital point that Soviet policy since the war has been one of all take and no give. The Soviet rulers have signed one agreement after another only to break these agreements before the ink was dry.

How does the "no territorial aggrandizement" pledge of the Atlantic Charter square with Soviet direct and indirect annexations of almost a million square miles of territory, inhabited by over 125 million people? How were the Yalta pledges of "free, unfettered elections" in Poland and of maintaining democratic methods in liberated East European countries honored in Poland, Yugoslavia, Rumania, Bulgaria, Hungary and Czechoslovakia? What about the Soviet

promises at Potsdam to treat Germany as an economic unit and to encourage the functioning of democratic parties? There is a long list of defaulted Soviet diplomatic IOUs to be made good before anyone but a simpleton or an ignoramus would throw his hat in the air at the prospect of getting Stalin's or Molotov's often dishonored signature on new documents.

(10) "*We should immediately set up a world government.*" A world government including the Soviet Union and its satellites is a fantastic impossibility. If the Soviet leaders would not abide by the much slighter restraints imposed on national sovereignty by the United Nations Charter they certainly would not be interested in world government, apart from the type of world government which would be represented by a universal federation of Soviet republics.

If, on the other hand, world government is conceived as a federation of countries outside the Soviet orbit, it raises a number of difficult and divisive questions. The political necessity of organizing the non-Soviet world against Communist infiltration and military aggression is obvious. But the proposal to create some kind of supra-national government seems far ahead of present-day realities. Nations which are today becoming increasingly united on the simple, clear issue of resistance to the new totalitarian threat could easily become suspicious and divided as a result of the

controversial questions which would arise in connection with any scheme of world government.

All the above-mentioned fallacies possess a common root. This is the desire to find a spectacular short-cut of escape from the permanent crisis of American-Soviet relations. Unfortunately there is no such short-cut. It is necessary to recognize and tag the blind alleys in order to find the road that offers the best promise of national security.

We have been finding this road, with a good deal of trial and error. Its signposts are the Truman Doctrine, ERP, an abandonment of vengeful, self-defeating restrictions on the normal economic development of Germany and Japan, the promotion of an ever-closer functional union of the free countries of Europe. The pool of power we are building up in this way is stronger than anything the Soviet Union and its satellites can mobilize.

There has been interminable discussion of the question how we can "get along" with Russia, and there have been a good many quack and misleading replies. There is only one true answer: to be stronger, militarily, politically, economically and morally. It is only on this basis of superior strength that we can hope to achieve the ideal which Senator Vandenberg once set forth: "An honorable peace in a free world of free men."

We want no more than this. We cannot safely settle for less.

DOWN TO EARTH

by ALAN DEVOE



ANIMAL PLAY

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous
song!
And let the young Lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play. . . .
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

UNTIL a century or so ago, writers about nature wrote very largely in this mood of rejoicing and alleluia. Nature was seen as all goodness and gladness, the birds and beasts as happy innocents frolicking forever in a perpetuated Garden of Eden where every prospect was pleasing and only man was vile. Birds sang in exuberance and praise; animals romped and frisked and frolicked and went the good ways ordained for them; the natural world (always excepting our poisoned and fallen selves) was everywhere a scene of everlasting playing and everlasting paean.

Since the scientific theories of Charles Darwin burst into the public consciousness, this view of nature has been steadily dwindling and yielding

place to another. In the celebrated verbal duel, 88 years ago, between Professor T. H. Huxley and Bishop Wilberforce of Oxford, the reverend defender of Christian orthodoxy unmistakably made a considerable fool of himself. The public faith in the book of Genesis, and presently in the whole scheme of religious traditionalism, being thereby badly shaken, it was natural enough that a kind of catch-word Darwinism should become the new popular philosophy. Bishop Wilberforce had insisted that God looked upon the creation and found it good. Bishop Wilberforce had been proven, in controversy, to be an unscientific old mossback. What more natural, therefore, than to reject the whole vision of a primal paradise—a world originally good and happy, and now hard and difficult only for man, because of a Fall—and espouse instead a new “scientific” view, easily sloganized in the Darwinian phrases “struggle for survival” and “survival of the fittest.”

So it has happened. The Romantics and the Victorians have dwindled and

died away. Few poets write, any more, Wordsworthian idylls about happy lambs that bound as to a tabor. Birds are understood to sing not for joyousness, in an innocence of spontaneous lauds, but only for the practical purpose of staking-out a claim to a nesting-territory, as a part of the struggle for survival. Modern man does not see nature any more in terms of an Eden-garden, or hear the sounds of nature as the far sweet fluting of a Pan-pipe, or feel himself under any such spell as that of the dream of Isaiah. Nature is one great struggle, very likely purposeless and idiot. It is all turmoil and blood and death. The lamb is not leaping as to a tabor. He is probably leaping because he is afflicted with sheep-bots.

II

Now there can be no doubt that the long traditional view of the world of nature and the spirit of animal life did sometimes sentimentalize and falsify. It sometimes saw the natural world too pretty and pastel; it played down the pungent realities of blood and sweat and excrement and birth and death. But, for all this tendency, in its bad moments, to a certain mood of pious vapidty and simper, the old paradisaical vision must recommend itself to a naturalist as a great deal truer, a great deal deeper in insight, than the struggle-and-misery vision which has succeeded it. Bishop Wilberforce, very likely, subscribed to many errors. But he was not in error in thinking that animal life is happy

life. William Wordsworth may have promulgated much pathetic fallacy. But he was not fallacious when he held that the spirit of his birds and beasts was the spirit of joy and play. For it is the fact.

A man may take what view he likes of the book of Genesis and of the similar creation-tales that foundation other great religious traditions. He may think this or that one divinely under-written; or he may think them all legends and poetry. But the vision on which they all commonly insist — the vision of a primal goodness and gladness in which all the beasts are caught up as in a song of joy — that vision is no creation of woolly-witted mysticism, but a lyric statement of the simple truth as a naturalist knows it.

The spirit of animal life is the spirit of happiness. Looked at from above, with our human eyes, animals' foragings and preyings, fightings and dyings, may look to be a struggle and may even look (so sick are we in our own wretchedness) to be a tragedy. But as experienced by the animal, life presents itself in no such terms.

Animals leap into combat joyously, confident in their strength and obedient to the surge of their impulse of assertion; for it can cross no animal's mind that he may lose. Animals lie down, mortally wounded, without any of the fear that has been known to make even Archbishops whimper on their deathbeds; for it cannot enter an animal's mind that he is

going to die. Animals contract diseases and undergo injuries, but no animal experiences what we mean by suffering; for the experience of pain is in ratio to the quality of attentiveness and high consciousness in the mind. (A sick man, lying quiveringly alert in bed, may faint from the pain of some trivial manipulation by his doctor. The same man, fleeing a burning building and intent only on that engrossing necessity, may break his arm and gash his skull open and never notice any pain at all.) An animal cannot recall the past in anguish and regret; an animal cannot peer imaginatively into the future, and dread what it may hold. An animal lives in Now.

Living continually in Now, feeling the biddings of the senses and acting with sublime confidence upon them as they come . . . this is the quality of animal life. It is strange we can ever have lost sight of it; for we have all been children; and a small child, in the limitation of its understanding and the robust joy it takes in the sensory excellences of Now, is very much an animal. Life for an animal is now the good smell of the earth, and now the good hotness of the sun, and now the fine passionate urge to breed, and now the sweet fury and blood-taste of a fight, and now the closing-in of a not-understood and not-feared darkness that means that death has come. In a life like this, there is no place for fear, as we know fear. There is no place for sorrow, as we know sorrow. There cannot be shame. There cannot be

guilt. There can be only the eager quiver of aliveness and response. The world is all immediacy and acquiescence.

III

Spared, by the nature of their consciousness, all the weary welter of fear and pain and indecision and remorse, animals turn as naturally to playing as little children do, in their confident strength and faith and gladness to be alive.

Otters make mud-slides, on the grassy banks leading down to the water; and player after player, flat on his furry belly, with his forelegs folded back, goes whizzing delightedly down the slide and *whomps* into the water. Bears wrestle and tumble and cuff each other and roll upon the ground in ecstasies of high spirits. Rabbits, in the moonlight, leap dementedly over one another's backs, daft with the delirious business of being able to smell the scent of the dew-wet grass and being able to feel the strength of lithe muscles and being alive in the splendor of Now. Lambs, as in the accurate hosanna-song of William Wordsworth, skip and run and leap for no other reason than the exuberant outburst of lambness; nor can the presence of sheep-bots, which no lambish mind is equipped to understand or pay attention to, damp these high ardors.

The world of animals is everywhere a world of play, even as it is a world, by the nature of its consciousness, of sureness and security. The most im-

probable animals play. A badger has a look of stodginess and gravity; but Beckmann has described an uproarious game played by a badger and a dog. A fox, five minutes after he has eluded the hounds (and even *that* grim adventure is treated by many foxes in a spirit of hilarity), may amuse himself, all alone in the green woods, by tossing twigs up in the air and catching them in his mouth. Raccoons have playfully pelted pebbles at a flock of chickens. Coyotes play something very like a children's game of hide-and-seek; mountain goats go coasting down snow-slides, with fine lusty rough-and-tumbles together when they all get to the bottom; and W. H. Hudson recorded many observations in support of his surprising discovery that there is a tremendous playfulness among the pumas of La Plata. Perhaps, at that, the discovery should have come as no great surprise. For all cats play, the great wild ones as well as the small domestic ones. Exuberation and delight-in-life run through all the world of the animals, from the lioness twitching her tail-tip to furnish an exciting plaything for her cubs to the little meadow-mouse rushing up a weed-stalk and down again in an antical game of tag with a meadow-mouse companion. Play is in all the woods and all the meadows and all the prairies, everywhere.

IV

No naturalist can think of denying Charles Darwin's findings about the competitions and adaptations that

occur in the world of nature, or can regard with anything but solemn respect Darwin's patient investigation of the modes and methods by which these processes go forward. But what requires to be understood is that the use in this connection of the word "struggle" — with all its implications of distress, fear, worry, and grim effort — is at least as anthropomorphic as any of the theological conceptions of the much derided Bishop Wilberforce. It is a projection into animal life of the quality of our own consciousness.

It is an affair of much effort and sweaty terror for a middle-aged philosopher to walk along the top rail of a spike-topped picket fence. But we are obviously in serious error if we imagine that it is a thing of difficulty and alarm for a small boy to do so. For the boy, it is all confident high spirits and good fun. Learned university persons, holding innumerable degrees to prove that they are philosophers, may find it an exhausting and terrifying business to sleep on the ground in the wilderness and listen in the black night to the hoot of owls and the squall of foxes. A boy on a camping trip finds it delightful. If a boy's consciousness has not yet taken on the load of faithless misgiving and imaginative anxiety that can come with adult mind, a fox's consciousness is further still below that threshold, and a bird's still further, and a turtle's still further than that.

Animal life requires consideration on two levels. There is the matter of

what animals *do*; and in this field a Darwin is not to be contradicted. There is also the matter of what animals *experience*; and in this area the empathic boyhood-remembering understanding of a poet like Wordsworth, or of the author of Genesis or of the singers of the earliest Vedic songs, may achieve a profoundly accurate insight that is as essential a part of total truth as any of the chartings of science.

Up in the icy Arctic waters, the

polar bears splash and cavort in high glee. Down under the tropical sun, the big cats romp and race as ecstatically as household kittens. Everywhere between, there is to be found the telling testimony of animal play. What it tells is that the goodness or the wretchedness of life is a matter of the state of the mind. What it tells is the very old and enduring truth that the fruit of the tree of knowledge is a perilous fruit which none but we have eaten.

THE SHAPE OF THINGS NOT SEEN

BY SJANNA SOLUM

How did we know it was a bird?
 We only saw a shadow pass
 Across the jade of sun-lit grass.
 No cry was made; no song was heard.
 We did not see the arrowed shape
 Above, but knew no man-made thing
 Could have such vibrancy of wing.
 Such swift, decisive, sure escape
 From space to space could not be made
 By any fickle butterfly.
 Pure poetry went winging by —
 But this enchantment, which was laid
 By shadow upon sun-lit grass,
 Is ours to keep! It will not pass!

SHOULD SPELLING BE STREAMLINED?

BY FALK JOHNSON

IF ENGLISH-SPEAKING peoples will streamline their spelling, reshaping it to fit pronunciation, they will soon save enough money to pay the entire cost of World War II. George Bernard Shaw repeatedly states this opinion in letters to the *London Times*, and so do many other contributors to the *Times*.

On this side of the Atlantic, too, the demand for reform in spelling is strong. For example, in the *Journal of the National Education Association*, Dr. Frank C. Laubach, who has developed at Columbia University a new system known as "Basic Spelling," declared last year: "I have asked several hundred audiences how many favor reformed spelling and three fourths of them have raised their hands for it. Often it was unanimous."

Such demands for reform indicate that something is seriously wrong with spelling, and even the opponents of reform admit that the present system is far from perfect. What are its defects? What causes them? What are their consequences in the everyday use of the language? And can anything be done to eliminate them?

According to the reformers, the chief defect is that spelling is not based upon pronunciation, that the symbols of the language do not fit the sounds of the language. Perhaps they never fitted. Certainly they have not fitted since the time, about two thousand years ago, when the Romans gave their alphabet to our linguistic forefathers, for this alphabet does not provide a letter for every sound.

Commenting upon this fact, Shaw says:

Our attempts to make a foreign alphabet of 26 letters do the work of 42 are pitiable. We write the same vowel twice to give it a different sound . . . we also double the final consonant . . . or make two consonants represent simple sounds for which the Latin alphabet does not provide.

As a result of these discrepancies between alphabet and pronunciation, most letters represent several different sounds. The Merriam-Webster dictionary, for example, lists eight different pronunciations for the letter *a* and illustrates them by the following words: *ale*, *chaotic*, *care*, *add*, *account*, *arm*, *ask*, and *sofa*. (The *a* in *ale* is accented, that in *chaotic* unaccented.)

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Since individual letters may thus represent several different sounds, the relationship between symbol and sound is extremely variable. These relationships may be described as "variable sounds."

But there are also "variable symbols" — several different letters which represent a single sound. For instance, both *e* and *ee* in *melee* have the same sound as *a* in *ale*.

Some of these variable symbols can be traced to the invasion of England, about nine hundred years ago, by William the Conqueror. His followers introduced into the language thousands of words which had French spellings for English sounds. *Ale*, for example, has an "English" spelling for this *a* sound, and *melee* has two "French" spellings for it.

Other variable symbols are the result of a widespread and evolutionary change in pronunciation. This change, called the Great Vowel Shift, is illustrated by the fact that the *Eng* in the word *English* was once pronounced and spelled *Ang* (*Angle*); then it was pronounced and spelled *Eng* (*English*); and now, though it is still spelled *Eng*, it is pronounced *ing*. Thus the letters *e*, *i*, and certain other vowels often represent the same sound.

II

Variable symbols, however, are made even more variable and bewildering by the inclusion of silent letters. The sound of *a* in *ale*, for example, is represented in *day*, not only by an *a*, but also by a silent *y*.

Many of the letters now silent in the language were pronounced about five hundred years ago, when Caxton introduced printing into England and quite naturally included them in his printed words. Since then, however, they have disappeared from the spoken language but have persisted, imbedded like fossils, in the written language. For instance, the *l* in *would* was pronounced in Caxton's day; now, though unpronounced, it still remains in the spelling.

Some silent letters, however, were never pronounced. The *h* in *ghost*, is an example. Knowing that there was an *h* in the Dutch word for *ghost*, the typesetters Caxton brought from Holland assumed that there was an *h* in the English word, too; and they inserted it there. It has been there ever since. In fact, it has spread to other words. Two hundred years ago when Dr. Samuel Johnson published his famous dictionary — for a long time the chief authority in spelling — he put the *h* in *ghastly* and *aghast*, presumably to make them more ghostly.

Today the silent letters are everywhere. Almost every letter is, at some time or another, silent. The following illustrations involve fifteen of the first sixteen letters of the alphabet: an *a* in *head*, *b* in *lamb*, *c* in *indict*, *d* in *handsome*, *e* in *love*, *f* in *off*, *g* in *gnaw*, *h* in *shepherd*, *i* in *weird*, *k* in *knee*, *l* in *salmon*, *m* in *mnemonics*, *n* in *condemn*, *o* in *too*, and *p* in *psychology*.

Some words, like *psychology*, have two silent letters; some, like *though*,

three; and some, like *thoroughfare*, four. (*Knickknack*, an incredible word which includes a silent double *k*, has the same letter silent four times.) In all, English contains hundreds of thousands of silent letters. Of the 604,000 words in the Merriam-Webster unabridged dictionary, over 400,000 have at least one silent letter; and many, of course, have more than one.

Only after these hundreds of thousands of silent letters have been added to the variable symbols which (like the *a* and *e* in *ale* and *melee*) involve no silent letters at all, can the total number of variable symbols in the language be computed.

So far, it has not been computed, but it is obviously tremendous. For example, a single one of the eight *a* sounds is represented by at least fourteen different symbols: *a* in *ale*, *ae* in *maelstrom*, *ai* in *bait*, *ao* in *gaol* (pronounced *jail*), *au* in *gauge*, *ay* in *day*, *aye* in *aye* (meaning *always*), both *e* and *ee* in *melee*, *ea* in *break*, *eh* in *eh*, *ey* in *prey*, *et* in *beret*, and *eigh* in *weigh*.

There are so many variable symbols that the short word *circus* can be spelled in scores of different ways, all of them closely paralleled by "good" English spellings. A sample is *psoloquoise*. In it, the first *c* of *circus* is pronounced like the *ps* of *psychology*; the *ir* of *circus* like the *olo* of *colonel*; the second *c* of *circus* like the *qu* of *bouquet*; and the *us* of *circus* like the *oise* of *tortoise*.

When to all these variable symbols

are added the variable sounds (such as those of *a* in *ale*, *add*, etc.), the enormity of the difference between spelling and pronunciation becomes clear. It has been estimated that eighty per cent (or about a half million) of the words in English are not spelled phonetically. As a result, dictionaries must use one combination of symbols to show the spelling of a word, another to show its pronunciation. It is evident, therefore, that English is not one language, but two — a written one and a spoken one.

III

As a consequence, all English-speaking peoples must learn two languages instead of one. They have no trouble, of course, with the spoken language. As children, they pick it up naturally and effortlessly, with no formal instruction. They could learn the written language with little trouble, too, if it corresponded systematically to the spoken one. All they would have to do would be to learn the letters; then they could spell immediately any word that they could pronounce.

But, because there is no systematic correspondence between symbol and sound, children are compelled to study spelling for years — all the way through grade school and at least part of the way through high school. Even then it is not mastered, however, and most well-educated adults must have a dictionary nearby when they write. The truth is that no one is infallible in his choice between such

variable symbols as *ei* and *ie*, *able* and *ible*; and no one, deprived of a dictionary, can spell all the words in the language. Thus spelling, which should be as easy and effortless as speaking, is a lifetime task — long, costly and unnecessary.

The amount of time and taxes which English-speaking peoples waste in trying to learn to spell cannot be accurately determined, but a former superintendent of schools in New York City has declared that he is “quite confident” that each individual devotes to it the equivalent of from one to two years. Since 260 million individuals know English, it is possible, therefore, that during every generation the equivalent of a quarter or half billion man-years is squandered on spelling.

The loss of time is even greater, however, in the everyday uses of the language than in the learning of it. Most persons spend much more time in using it — in reading it, writing it, typing it, linotyping it or printing it — than in learning it.

Waste occurs because these processes use, for example, *though* with six letters, instead of *tho*, with three. The longer form doubles the work of all writers, typists, typesetters and readers. It leads to unnecessary costs, not only for labor, but also for paper, machinery, electricity, transportation, and all other supplies and services needed for the production and “consumption” of the written language.

No estimates are available for the

total losses incurred in the uses of the language, but they must be incredibly large. When added to those in learning the language, they may well be as great as Shaw suggested — as great as the total cost of the war itself.

The proponents of spelling reform believe that such losses cannot be ignored. Instead, the system must be changed, its inadequate alphabet enlarged and its variable spellings regularized.

IV

But is it actually possible to change a system of spelling? Is it actually possible to change anything — even if it is unreasonable and wasteful — that is so deeply ingrained in the linguistic habits of a quarter of a billion people living on several separate continents? In brief, even if the present system should be changed, can it be changed?

Answers to these questions differ, but the proponents of spelling reform say that the needed changes can be made. As proof, they point out that spelling has changed in every period in which the language has been recorded. For example, the medieval spellings *housbonde*, *mynde* and *ygone* have been replaced by the modern *husband*, *mind* and *gone*. As recently as the last century Noah Webster, for a while an enthusiastic advocate of reform, was instrumental in throwing the silent *k* out of such words as *music**k* and *logic**k*. History proves that changes have been made in the past;

why cannot they be made in the future?

The plans for change are, roughly speaking, of two types — those which favor phonetic spelling and those which favor simplified spelling. Proponents of the phonetic system believe that spelling can be efficient only if it corresponds exactly to pronunciation. Consequently they sacrifice everything, including resemblance to current spellings, in order to align symbol with sound.

In this process they replace the present alphabet with a new one. Numerous phonetic alphabets have been devised for this purpose, but the best known of them is the IPA (for International Phonetic Association). It was developed by Paul E. Passy and has often been used in dictionaries, in textbooks dealing with the pronunciation of foreign languages, and in the technical literature of the phoneticians.

Though phonetic spelling has many important technical uses, its chances of superseding the present system are extremely small. It is too revolutionary. For example, if it were adopted, all alphabetized books, indexes, and files would have to be revised according to the new alphabet. All typewriters, linotypes, and other writing machines would have to be re-designed, and their users would have to be re-trained. All adults would have to be re-trained to read the “new” publications; and children would have to be “double-trained” — that is, they would have

to be taught both the new and the old methods of reading.

It is no wonder, therefore, that American publications often ridicule proposals for phonetic spelling. *Time* magazine, considered Shaw’s proposal as a “notion”; and *Newsweek* dismissed it in a brief, disparaging article entitled “Pshaw on Pspelling.”

Most reformers, however, do not recommend anything so drastic as phonetic spelling. They do not believe that the present system should be replaced by a new one or that the present alphabet should be tampered with. Rather, they want to keep — and gradually to simplify — the present system. For example, they would remove only one *k* at a time from *knock*. By persisting in such gradual changes, they believe that they can eventually rid the language of its wasteful spelling and evolve a new system closely resembling pronunciation.

The degree of success which such a policy of moderation can have is illustrated by the experience of the Simplified Spelling Board, which was organized in New York in 1906 “to promote, by systematic and continued effort, the gradual simplification and regulation of English spelling.” Espoused by such men as Mark Twain, Henry Holt, Nicholas Murray Butler and William James, the Board was financed by Andrew Carnegie; and it undertook one of the most ambitious efforts ever made for the reform of spelling.

It went into action in March 1906, with the publication of a list of words spelled in simplified form. These simplifications were not radical. There were hardly enough words in the list to affect the appearance of any printed page — only three hundred words out of the hundreds of thousands in the language. Furthermore, not one of the proposed spellings was completely new. Most of them were already recognized by reputable dictionaries, at least as permissible spellings, and were already in fairly wide use. For example, *program* for *programme* and *catalog* for *catalogue*.

Simultaneously with the publication of this list, the Board began a promotional campaign intended to drive from the language the longer forms of the words and to establish the shorter ones. Despite some opposition, huge segments of the public responded enthusiastically to the campaign. In little more than a year the Modern Language Association, the National Education Association, and thousands of colleges and public school systems approved the simplifications. So did the editors of the Webster, Century, Standard, Oxford and other dictionaries. At the same time nearly 300 newspapers and magazines began using the simplifications; and so did more than 2000 business firms, employing them both in correspondence and in advertising. President Theodore Roosevelt ordered the use of the “new” spellings in all publications issued by the Government Printing Office.

Though attempts to reform English spelling had been made repeatedly since at least the year 1200, no attempt had ever gained so much momentum as this one.

The Board believed, therefore, that the public was ready for further simplifications, and published a Second List in January 1908. This one was more radical than the first. It had, not three hundred words, but more than five times that many; and instead of limiting itself to spellings that were already fairly well established, it included some that were new. For example, it clipped the final *e* from words like *native*; it threw out the *ig* of words like *foreign*; and it changed into a *t* the *ped* of words like *clipped*. “Thus clipt, nativ words lookt foren or defectiv.”

Because of these more drastic changes, the Second List was not as popular as the First. Scores of magazine articles and newspaper editorials attacked it, and public enthusiasm “decreast” sharply.

Despite this lessening of enthusiasm, in January 1909 the Board published a Third List. Its simplifications — including *hed* for *head*, *livd* for *lived*, and *trimd* for *trimmed* — were even more extreme. They were so “trimd” that general approval of the movement not only “decreast” — it “ceast.” It was overwhelmed by opposition which Professor Brander Mathews, one of the proponents of simplification, described as “rancorously and contemptuously hostile.”

And thus ended what was perhaps

the greatest campaign ever made to reform spelling. Today, about forty years after the supreme effort of the simplifiers, the accomplishments of the Board seem negligible. About nine tenths of the "long" forms which the Board tried to drive from the language with its First List still remain in acceptable usage. Clearly, then, even a policy of extreme moderation can produce only negligible results. Clearly, then, the present chances for reform are slim.

v

The fundamental reason, explain the opponents of reform, is simple: it is easier for people to spell and read in the "old" way than the "new." The "old" way harmonizes perfectly with all the complicated reflexes involved in reading and writing; the "new," on the other hand, upsets these reflexes and arouses their resistance.

Henry Holt, the publisher, discovered this fact when he sent to an elderly lady in Boston a letter which was carefully spelled to conform to a list of simplifications. This lady, who was a member of the elite on Beacon Hill and whose "dearest substitute for a daughter" Holt had recently married, was repelled by the letter. She cried out in agony to her son: "Florence has married a man who doesn't know how to spell!" A great many other people habitually consider the simplified versions of words, not as signs of the intelligent reformation of an inefficient system of spelling, but rather as signs of outright ig-

norance, ill-breeding and stupidity.

Another reason that attempts at reform are opposed is that the new spellings interfere with the connotations (or mental associations) which habits have built up around the words. *Buty*, to rhyme with *duty*, does not evoke the same associations as *beauty*.

It iz a buteus evning cam and fre

does not evoke the same responses as Wordsworth's

It is a beauteous evening calm and free.

Sometimes simplification not only removes the old associations, but also replaces them with new ones that are ridiculous or offensive. Sir William A. Craigie, who was knighted for his editorial work on dictionaries, implies that most knights would not like to be referred to as *nites*, much less as *nits*.

Because simplification thus disturbs associations and suggests illiteracy, it is usually avoided by publishers, teachers and other groups who exert the strongest influence upon spelling. Few publishers care to antagonize their readers with words spelled in a strange way, and few teachers care to jeopardize their jobs by spelling like illiterates.

Thus, despite the grotesque inefficiencies of the present system, the reformers are able to do very little about it. No matter how sleek and streamlined a new system might be and no matter how many rational

advantages can be pointed out for it, the reflexes of the populace still resist. As a matter of fact, the more reasonable the system is — that is, the more it departs from the present standard of spelling — the greater is the resistance to it, for a greater number of

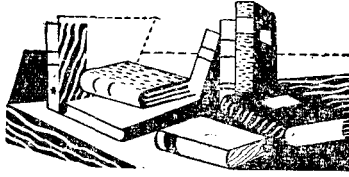
reflexes rebel. Bad as it is, the present system may last indefinitely, just as traditional Chinese, another highly impracticable system, has lasted. The linguistic reflexes involved in reading and writing just don't tolerate the "od" and "nu-fangli."

PHRASE ORIGINS—37

HELLO: *This expression was never standardized until the latter years of the nineteenth century. About its origin there has been a vast amount of conjecture; nothing positive has, however, been arrived at yet. It may have been descended from hail through hallow. Eighteenth-century lexicographers generally believed it to be of French origin, though they were in dispute as to whether it came from à lui (to him) or allons (let us go). There was also a word in Old French, halloer, which meant to pursue with calls and shouts. But most modern students believe that the word is probably echoic in origin. The letters a, o, and l (the first two especially) denote sounds that carry and echo well over great distances; and these sounds have been combined in many words that are convenient shouts of greeting — for example, hallo, halloo, hillo, hilloa, holla, hollo, holloa, holler, hollow. Our present-day use of hello in telephoning probably came about in an offhand and unconscious way, as a carry-over from the already stubbornly established habit of calling to anyone at a distance without benefit of any device. "Are you there?" or "Is that you?" was the first conscious expression used over the telephone to initiate a conversation, and the former is still used largely in England. But even there hello is coming into use. It is easily the greatest utility word in our language, and probably in any language. It even means something when its two syllables are transposed, a fact which has led one lexicologist to suggest that it originated as a euphemistic form of O hell!*

JOHN BAKER OPDYCKE

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END OF AN ERA

by *BEN RAY REDMAN*

IT HAS been the fate of great leaders throughout history to leave no great successors. The egotistical thrust of their power, their complete and triumphant self-sufficiency, their absolute and jealous dominance in their fields of action, have usually made it impossible for any one of their followers to fit himself for succession, and have almost invariably resulted in the existence of a great void after the leader's death. Alexander and Charlemagne were two exalted examples of the type. On a different level, operating under vastly different conditions, and perhaps cast in a less heroic mold, Franklin Delano Roosevelt was another.

Alexander's empire broke quickly into fragments; Charlemagne's was immediately divided, and thereafter sub-divided again and again; and we are now witnessing, in the United States and in miniature, a similar dissolution: that of the extraordinary political amalgamation which was brought together and held together, under the name of the Democratic

party, by the political genius of one man, potently assisted by historical events that were beyond even his control. With the great leader gone, small followers are once more falling out among themselves. Without the creator, the creation is seen to be only a handful of ingeniously arranged dust, from which the animating breath has departed. The Democratic tenure of power will almost certainly be declared ended on our coming Election Day; but this will be only a belated, constitutional declaration of what has long been a fact. For the power never really belonged to a party. It was vested in the person of FDR, and it vanished at his death.

We have seen the end of an era of American history, an era which may very well take its name from the campaign of political dynamism known as the New Deal. This campaign reached the peak of its activity as early as 1937; it slowed towards a halt with the beginning of our defense program; and it was succeeded by a war-making effort so vast and comprehensive that all elements of our national economy, and our ways of life, were either laid under contribution

or subordinated to it. But the New Deal, for better or for worse, was still with us in the shape of many government agencies, and still operative in its effects throughout our society. Since then, Congress and a fumbling chief executive have together, although in opposition, considerably cut down the New Deal's area of potency; and there can be no doubt that, when and if a Republican is elected President, the New Deal will be finally repudiated in both theory and practice.

Yet, however eloquently it may be denounced as mortal sin — as a wicked example of whoring after strange political and economic gods — we shall not even then be quit of it. Much that it did will remain done. Its good and its evil will live after it. We may declare that it belongs to history, along with Theodore Roosevelt's Square Deal and Woodrow Wilson's New Freedom, but we shall be mistaken if we think that we can relegate it to past history alone. Our American future will be a different future than if the New Deal had never been.

On the eve of its official condemnation, when the Book of the New Deal is about to be burned by the common hangman, let us look back and try to see the Roosevelt program for what it was — and is. In this attempt, Dixon Wecter's *The Age of the Great Depression, 1929-1941* [\$5, Macmillan] can provide substantial help, for it is a fair and competent survey, if not a profound study, of American

life — particularly political and economic life — from the time of the great stock market crash down to the sneak attack on Pearl Harbor. So we shall keep Mr. Wecter's serviceable book at our elbow, while looking beyond it for additional material on which to base conclusions.

II

The enormously multiplex, shifting, internally contradictory, rapidly improvised, and revolutionary New Deal was the product of a man confronted by a situation. The man, behaving as his character and temperament dictated, surrounded himself with advisers, successive groups of advisers, who lavishly supplied him with theories, which he proceeded to translate enthusiastically into action — abandoning one theory for another, one instrument for another; discarding, substituting and accumulating expedients with a juggler's verve and dexterity; piling agency upon agency, and setting bureaucrat above bureaucrat in a hierarchy of ever-increasing confusion — with results along the way, and final results, in which social benefit and social damage were strangely and wonderfully intermingled. When we consider the New Deal, then, we are concerned with a situation, a man, a complex of theories, a sequence of action, and an aggregation of consequences.

The people of whom Franklin D. Roosevelt assumed leadership on March 4, 1932, were a people dwelling in darkness and beset by fear. During

the first months of 1929, there had appeared in many lands — which even at their best had never known the joys of American prosperity — signs of a coming depression that, to wise observers, threatened to become world-wide. But there were few wise observers in a country which, for the better part of a decade, had known nothing but a mounting boom, based (for eternity, it seemed) on the building trades, the automobile business, expanding public utilities, increasing consumer credit, huge speculative profits, and loans placed abroad for the stimulation of export trade. Then, in October 1929, came the stock market's abrupt collapse, which within two months marked down the price (and supposed value) of securities by some \$40 billion dollars.

The country tried to rally bravely. After all, the loss had been suffered largely by gamblers, and gamblers deserved to lose. The country was sound. Only fools could dream of selling America short. But the curve of building activity had turned sharply downwards in the autumn of 1928; automobile and steel production were sinking in the summer of 1929; and now the demand for consumer goods, which had been markedly falling off even before the crash, dwindled rapidly. A faulty banking structure and a crazy edifice of holding companies were tottering. In March 1929 there had already been 2 million or more unemployed (estimates vary), but by the beginning of 1931 there were more than 6 million on the rolls, and

in 1932 the total climbed to 15 million. Numberless families were quickly pauperized. Municipal soup kitchens spread from Milwaukee, in all directions, across the nation. Bread lines grew enormously. Apple sellers became a pest on city streets.

When President Roosevelt delivered his first Inaugural Address, the Hoover administration had been struggling unsuccessfully for three years against a depression that became steadily wider and deeper in the face of all palliatives and apologetic governmental intervention. Appeals to the enlightened self-interest of the business community served merely to prove that few businessmen were acquainted with this philosophical concept; behind a certain amount of pious window-dressing, the law of the wolf-pack prevailed. Drought relief and free cattle feed for farmers were no more than dribbles of help. The Red Cross, private charity and block-aid drives were inadequate in the circumstances. New York City's appropriation of a million dollars for direct relief, during the winter of 1930-1931, appeared to be only the first step on a road that promised no end. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation, tentatively invading an area in which the National Credit Corporation had failed to function, moved slowly and ineffectively. The face of the country was the face of failure.

And if the farmer, the jobless laborer, the widow and orphan dependent upon shrinking incomes, the

old folks forced by exhausted savings to accept relief, the white collar worker trying to make do on a contracting salary; if all these were the victims of paralyzing fear, of embittered pessimism — no less afraid, no less bitter, were our once brave and blithe captains of industry and finance. They, who had always prayed that government might keep its hands off business, now prayed with equal fervor that it might move into the business arena with both feet and all its power. The government *must do something*. Governmental inaction, or inefficient action, was nothing less than criminal. These one-time leaders, so used to looking down, now looked up. Along with the vast majority of their fellow citizens, they now yearned, quite simply, to be led.

III

Confronted by this situation, answering this call, Franklin D. Roosevelt took the helm. He was a pilot whose qualities seemed peculiarly suited to the needs of the hour. His personal courage had been superbly demonstrated by his victory over infantile paralysis. His optimism was indomitable, contagious, and it was for optimism that the nation hungered. His warm, political personality was calculated to magnetize followers, and men wished to follow. He promised action, action unlimited, to a people tired of what they had been persuaded was timidity on the part of his predecessor. His flexibility of action was completely unhampered by fixed po-

litical or economic principles. He bent the knee to no such sacred cows as the gold standard or rugged individualism. He was willing to try anything once, and then quickly try something else if the first anything failed. He was a master of dramatic effects, succeeding a man who had no sense of public drama. He was a charmer, assuming an office from which charm had of late been notably absent. He was an orator who could make the words of gifted writers his very own, speaking them warmly, compellingly, without ghostly echoes.

Those who had heard or read Mr. Roosevelt's campaign speech to the Commonwealth Club, on September 23, 1932, knew that he was taking up his task with a view of our economic condition, and of government, which called for a definite program. On this occasion he developed the theory of economic maturity.

Our industrial plant, he assured his listeners, was built — perhaps overbuilt. What had once been a system of free enterprise was becoming increasingly rigid. The farmer was no longer free to farm, or the laborer to labor, as he chose; the independent businessman was being pushed to the wall by large corporations. We were steering a course towards economic oligarchy, if we were not already there. Our task was no longer that of discovering and exploiting natural resources, or of increasing production; it was one of administration and correction, "of meeting the problem of underconsumption, of adjusting production to

consumption, of distributing wealth and products more equitably, of adapting existing economic organizations to the service of the people."

It was the function of government to assist business in "the development of an economic declaration of rights, an economic constitutional order." Economic balance was essential, even though it might partially limit individual freedom of action. Private economic power must be treated as a trust, to be enjoyed only so long as the trust was fulfilled. Government must not hamper individualism, but protect it, by maintaining a balanced society within which each person might exercise his ability to the extent that his accompanying responsibility permitted.

Control, economic balance, responsibility, redistribution of wealth and goods, service of the people — these were the key words and phrases. Quickly, dramatically, almost bewilderingly, the New Deal cards were dealt. Measures aiming at relief and recovery and reform were successively and simultaneously taken; indeed, the three go naturally together, for the reformer never has a better standing and chance with the devil's children than when they are sick and yearning after saintliness.

The basic assumption was that private capitalism in the United States was incapable of recovering under its own power; and business was eager for all the help that Washington could give it — assuming, naturally, that Washington would return

business unreservedly to the men who really understood it, once the salvage job had been done. This assumption was, of course, quite contrary to the thinking of the more radical New Dealers, but of this fact business leaders were either ignorant or contemptuous; and in any case they were willing to swallow a certain amount of reform, at least temporarily, if it was essential to recovery. So the new cards, when they were first dealt, carried with them the approval and the hopes of almost all Americans. The dissidents, prophesying disaster, were in a tiny majority.

The objectives of the New Deal were numerous. Prices had to be raised and sustained: the 1926 commodity price level was a prime target. The power of labor to buy, and the power of labor to bargain, both had to be greatly increased; as had the farmer's income and purchasing power. Credit must be revived and expanded. The needy must be assisted by immediate relief, and a recurrence of their plight prevented by a long-range social-security plan. The debt structure had to be corrected, and reduced in favor of certain debtors. Cheap housing must be provided for those who required it. Public utilities must be put on a sound basis, possibly with the help of Federal example and competition. Industry must be so organized as to put a ceiling on production and a floor under prices. Foreign trade must be revived. Speculators and speculative markets must be strictly controlled, so that a gullible public might

be protected against itself. Monopolies must be destroyed. The nation's banking structure must be overhauled, the savings of the thrifty guaranteed against loss. Business fluctuations should be reduced or eliminated by governmental participation in banking and credit activities. And if the pump needed priming, then let it be primed with a certain amount of deficit financing.

IV

To achieve these objectives, the President was granted powers unprecedented in American history, and provided with numerous blank checks over the use of which Congress retained no control. He in turn delegated powers and funds to an ever-increasing host of agencies, among which division, combination, supersession, and sudden death were the order of the day. There is no need to call here the alphabetical roll that has long since become legendary. It is enough to say that through New Deal agencies the Federal government intervened on almost every level, and in almost every walk, of American life. As Mr. Wecter puts it:

Here was Uncle Sam financing the buying and vending of goods and the operation of ships and railroads, managing currency and seeking to control prices, generating and selling electric power, destroying and storing agricultural commodities, teaching the farmer how to plow and plant, supervising the diet of school children, draining swamps, trafficking in real estate, sponsoring literature and drama and art and folk dancing, and all the while de-

scribing ever widening circles of deficit financing.

Those ever-widening circles soon became the most conspicuous feature of the New Deal struggle. The commanding general was bold and his soldiers devoted, but victory was elusive. The doctor was daring, the patient submissive, but no cure was effected. As the Federal government moved more extensively into business, private business became increasingly cautious; as government investments increased, private investments lagged. There was angry talk in administration circles of a "strike" of capital; and there was no doubt that private capital, in the face of an administration it had come to mistrust and fear, was not venturesome. The disease of unemployment, which had at first been thought temporary and curable by makeshift remedies, began to assume an aspect of permanence. As late as the autumn of 1937, a Presidential census showed that there were some 6 million persons wholly unemployed, 2 million dependent on work relief, and nearly 4 million only partially employed. A lag in New Deal spending had resulted in a new slump. Washington knew only one answer to the situation: more spending.

At the outset, deficit financing had been looked on as a necessary and passing evil, but after the first pump priming had failed (in part because NRA policies counteracted the effects of the priming), deficit spending

came to be regarded as virtuous and valuable in itself; as a golden key to ultimate recovery. "Some date the beginnings of a conscious policy from Keynes' visit to this country in June 1934," writes John H. Williams, "when he said that if we spent 200 millions a month we would go back to the bottom of the depression, a net monthly deficit of 300 millions would hold us even, and one of 400 would bring full recovery." This formula was enthusiastically approved by many of the President's influential advisers, but it was not fully accepted by the administration until some three years later. Still later, when the deficit program had obviously failed to achieve its purpose, a number of our economists said that our mistake had been in not spending enough: our annual deficits should have run to 10 or 15 billion, instead of a paltry 3.

v

The New Deal never had to face a final accounting, because it was not fated to work itself out to a conclusion. The threat of war came to divert and absorb the energies of the New Deal administration, at the same time partially stilling the rising chorus of criticism which was being directed against the program. War solved the problems that had proved insoluble in peace: full production and full employment were finally attained, and the national income soared. Domestic differences gave way to a united national effort. And the huge inverted pyramid of deficit financing was bur-

ried, almost forgotten, under the mountain range of debt thrown up by the convulsions of global conflict.

So it may never be possible to draw up a balance sheet, to know how much we gained by the New Deal and how much we lost. Whether it expedited or retarded recovery remains controversial; but it is a fact, pointed out by Louis N. Hacker and many others, that recovery from the world-wide depression "was slower in the United States than in any other industrial country." And, as John H. Williams puts it: "This country stood virtually alone, except for France, in its failure to surpass substantially the level of the output of the twenties."

If we cannot draw up a final balance sheet, we can at least cast a rough account, without pretending to completeness. Using, then, the broad and simple categories of good and bad, I think it fair to conclude that the New Deal was good to the extent that it gave Americans confidence and courage; brought some kind of order out of deep confusion; reformed the banking structure; engaged in a program of social betterment which ranged from wholesale slum clearance to hot luncheons for school children; saved the needy from utter destitution and provided old-age security; sought to preserve our natural resources; battled against intolerances which would make racial and religious difference the bases of privilege and opportunity; helped labor to guard itself against exploitation; saved the agricultural community from ruin;

subjected speculative markets to salutary regulation; and, in general, worked towards the shining ideal of social justice.

On the other hand, I think it fair to conclude that the New Deal was bad to the extent that it encouraged Americans to rely on a social service state rather than on their own efforts; set class against class (whether or not for political reasons) by dramatizing their natural antagonisms; created artificial scarcities; engaged in hostile acts against business *as* business, lumping good with bad for purposes of propaganda; put power into the hands of unscrupulous labor leaders; encouraged labor to believe that higher wages can be paid out of some other source than increased productivity; led farmer and laborer to think of themselves as workers entitled to special consideration, as compared, for example, with teacher or bookkeeper; encouraged a proliferating bureaucracy to act on the assumption that its own prosperity could be equated with national prosperity; prolonged domestic and international uncertainty by monetary tinkering; sought to supersede a temporarily depressed system of private enterprise, rather than to stimulate it; purchased votes from one portion of the population with money drawn from another portion, in order to perpetuate a party in power; and, in general, achieved short-term gains for certain groups or classes, at the ex-

pense of long-term losses for the nation as a whole.

If anyone objects that good and bad are inextricably mingled in this account, the answer is that they are, because such was the nature of the New Deal.

We are promised a great Federal house-cleaning, and there is every probability that we shall have it. We should have it. But it would be disastrous if the Tabers, Martins and Hallecks of the Republican party were enabled to sweep out the good things of the New Deal, along with all the bad things, and replace them with the old stuffed owls, moose heads, rubber plants, and antimacassars to which they are so devoted. There is small chance that they will be allowed to engage in any such activity. Yet, at best, the Republicans will inherit a world of woe and a sea of troubles. Even if the international situation materially improves — and it is far from promising — success will be achieved only by the shrewdest, most enlightened leadership. And, in our eagerness to see the brooms busy among the bureaucrats, we should not be too optimistic; we should not expect too much, even from Republicans. It may be possible that even they will be loath to part with certain instrumentalities which, while not essential to the health of the nation, have proved their political utility to the party which controls them.

Still, we may hope.



THE CHECK LIST



(Continued from page 261)

dignity, solidity and scholarly ammunition. They founded modern English sociology, and no writer on trade unionism, municipal government or the general problems of the poor will ever begrudge them their supreme place in the history of social politics. Toward the end of their long careers, it is true, they were taken in by the Soviet tyranny, and their book on the subject is a disgrace. That, however, must probably be put down to the intellectual infirmities that sometimes befall advanced old age . . . and also to their strange lack of understanding of power politics. In any case, the horror of *Soviet Communism* does not detract from the monumental qualities of virtually all their earlier work. How some of this earlier work came to be written is here told in great detail, and Mrs. Webb reveals herself as a very shrewd observer of character. Nearly all the great in the Great Britain of her time were her friends, and on many of them she writes brilliantly and at times with breath-taking penetration. An excellent biographical index and general index are appended.

THE MECHANICAL ANGEL, by Donald Friede. \$3.00. *Knopf*. In the twenties Mr. Friede took an important part in many of the *avant-garde* movements in the literary and artistic worlds, and even submitted himself as a guinea pig in at least one medical experiment involving gland functions. He published books and sponsored "advanced" music, collected such "masters" as Ronald Firbank, and knew many of those whose lives were a "succession of crumpled sheets, tumbled couches and parked cars." As he looks back upon it all now, he says, "I honestly do not think that we had very much fun, no matter

what we did, for we were living in a cheap and shoddy world, in which the desperate search for pleasure was mistaken for pleasure itself." The book makes rather sad reading, and its author comes out of it a rather pathetic character, but despite its superficiality and shabby writing, it does contribute something to an understanding of a truly cheap era. What Mr. Friede does not say and well might have said is that there are signs that we may be entering another such era now. Several of the authors of the twenties are now being "revived," and their values are being praised again.

TWO QUIET LIVES, by Lord David Cecil. \$3.00. *Bobbs-Merrill*. When perceptive readers encountered Lord David Cecil's *The Stricken Deer*, some years ago, they realized that they had come upon a remarkably fine talent; one so subtle, quiet, and well-modulated that it made the late Lytton Strachey's seem almost assertive and noisy by comparison. Noble lineage does not always express itself in behavior or literary style of suitable quality, and those whose shields show the most impressive quarterings have often made an ugly fist with words; but in the case of David Cecil, son of the Marquess of Salisbury and of Lady Cicely Gore, daughter of the Earl of Arran, the man's style is no less aristocratic — in the best senses of the adjective — than his birth. The studies of Thomas Gray and Dorothy Osborne which compose this volume — of the Cambridge don who lives in most minds by virtue of a single poem, and of the unusual woman who loved and married Swift's patron, Sir William Temple — are both delightful examples of the author's art; and if he seems to be more successful with the man than with the woman, it is only because the

one sinner permitted him to employ certain entertaining strokes which were denied him in the case of the other. To journey with Lord David Cecil to Dorothy Osborne's seventeenth-century Chicksands, and to Gray's eighteenth-century Cambridge (after making the Grand Tour with Gray and Horace Walpole) is, of course, to indulge happily in the literature of escape; but it is an escape for which no reader need be apologetic.

ALL OUR YEARS, by Robert Morss Lovett. \$3.75. *Viking*. This is the autobiography of a noted professor of English whose keen social consciousness placed him in the forefront of a multitude of liberal causes throughout the years. "My constant interests," he avows, "were peace and civil liberties. The two are intimately connected. The freedom of choice between peace and war depends upon the exercise of civil liberty. . . ." His pacifism stemmed from his horror at the callous cynicism of our war against Spain in 1898, and persisted until jarred cruelly by the hard facts of international life of the 1930s and 1940s. His championship of civil rights led him to assume leadership of the fight to clear Sacco and Vanzetti even after their execution, and to close affiliation with the American Civil Liberties Union and many similar organizations. The culmination of his liberal career came in a farcical investigation by the Dies Committee, centering largely around his authorship, almost two decades earlier, of a letter in which he had characterized "all" governments, including our own, as "rotten." Unfortunately, in his zeal for social justice, he betrays occasional muddled thinking in his book, as when he states that "I believe it . . . axiomatic that the effective unity of social forces in this country depends upon participation of both Communists and liberals."

NEHRU ON GANDHI. \$2.00. *John Day*. As a tribute to India's martyred spiritual head, the publishers have presented a chronological compilation of pertinent excerpts from the writings and speeches of Gandhi's chief disciple who has now succeeded to his mantle. Happily, Nehru tempers his generally adulatory treatment with enough perceptive criticism of his protagonist to give the reader a rounded picture of a saintly and wise man who yet possessed his faults.

Among these was an unreasoning opposition to bringing the industrial revolution to India, which contrasted strangely with his Western education and political sagacity. Also, says Nehru, he had "no desire to raise the standards of the masses beyond a certain very modest competence, for higher standards and leisure may lead to self-indulgence and sin."

OUR UNKNOWN EX-PRESIDENT, *A portrait of Herbert Hoover*, by Eugene Lyons. \$2.95. *Doubleday*. Mr. Lyons begins with the thesis that "a fantastic Hoover myth, factually false and humanly unjust, has been industriously promoted during many years." He proceeds to examine the evidence, and concludes that far from being a humorless, heartless money-loving reactionary, Hoover is a witty, compassionate, genuine progressive, with no respect for money as such and possessed of remarkable devotion to principle. "Rarely has such a capacious intelligence as Hoover's been combined with such a great heart and robust spirit. Even more rarely, the democratic process being what it is, has a man so richly endowed reached the Presidency. Herbert Hoover is a great monolithic figure."

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE FOREIGN AFFAIRS READER, edited by Hamilton Fish Armstrong. \$5.00. *Harper*. That excellent magazine, *Foreign Affairs*, has completed 25 years of publication and celebrates the events by a selection from its more than one thousand articles printed in that period. The selection is a thoroughly first-rate one, attesting once again to the high and enduring quality of the magazine's contributions. Among the articles are important and amazingly timely ones by Elihu Root (whose article appeared in the first issue), Thomas G. Masaryk, Philip Kerr, Jules Cambon, Viscount Grey, Karl Radek, Leon Trotsky, A. Lawrence Lowell, John Foster Dulles, Henry L. Stimson, and X, author of the now famous article, "The Sources of Soviet Conduct." Altogether, a most valuable source book.

WE NEED NOT FAIL, by Sumner Welles. \$2.50. *Houghton Mifflin*. Despite the distinguished background and manifest sincerity of its

author, this slender volume on the Palestine situation will strike many of its readers as rather unnecessary. As a statement of the Zionist case it is repetitious, pontifical and overladen with high-sounding clichés. As a survey of Palestine's recent history, and as a chronicle of the great powers' maneuverings in the Near East, it is sketchy and superficial. Mr. Welles' honest indignation never quite makes up for the painfully obvious fact that he has nothing new to say on the subject.

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

SEX HABITS OF AMERICAN MEN, *A Symposium on the Kinsey Report*, edited by Albert Deutsch. \$3.00. Prentice-Hall. The fourteen essays selected by Mr. Deutsch comprise a volume that, for most laymen, will be vastly more useful and readable than the Kinsey Report itself. All the important factual data unearthed by Kinsey is reproduced here, separated from the huge network of charts and tables that cluttered up the original volume. Moreover, with the exception of the editor, whose own contribution to the symposium is a continuous paean of praise for Kinsey, the contributors have made an attempt to approach the Report critically.

THE PATTERN OF IMPERIALISM, *A Study in the Theories of Power*, by E. M. Winslow. \$3.75. Columbia. This scholarly volume is at once a catalogue of left-wing economics, a pocket history of imperialism, an exercise in semantics and—in part, at least—a defense of capitalism. Mr. Winslow's erudition is dedicated here to the belief that capitalism tends toward peace rather than imperialist wars. This proposition, which is developed as part of the more general thesis that economic motives in war are secondary, is developed only after a lengthy survey of the writings of Marx, Hilferding, Hobson, Lenin, Kautsky and some of the orthodox economists.

CRITICISM

HART CRANE, by Brom Weber. \$4.50. Bodley Press. This is easily the most complete and most intelligent biographical and critical study of the author of *The Bridge* that has yet appeared, and

it will probably be the standard work on the subject for years to come. While there is much in Crane's life (especially his amazing surrender, at times, to the cultural vulgarity of the twenties) and in his work (especially its lack of finish and occasional confusion) that Mr. Weber criticizes, he thinks that Crane's was "unquestionably the major poetic talent of twentieth-century America," a judgment that will probably embarrass him in the future. There are vast appendices of uncollected Crane poetry and prose. Some of the latter is very good, particularly a review of Sherwood Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio*. To at least one reader, Crane's prose is more honest and more finished and more effective than his poetry. There are several photographs, a bibliography and an index.

BERNARD SHAW, by Eric Bentley. \$2.00. *New Directions*. Mr. Bentley says, with ample justification, that reading much of the comment upon Shaw is "a gruelling experience," for a good deal of it is superficial, ignorant, sycophantic or vicious. Here he attempts a careful appraisal of Shaw as political thinker, religious thinker and dramatic artist. He sees considerably more in Shaw the political and religious writer than other careful critics do, but he is quick to grant that Shaw's "thinking is at all points the thinking of an artist. Nor is this to discredit it. The thinking of an artist is not necessarily the thinking of a dilettante. Shaw has his contribution to make in politics, in science and in religion." Unfortunately Mr. Bentley is not very clear as to what this contribution has been. Anyway, he agrees that Shaw has not saved the world, but he adds that he "may prove not to have been a failure as a teacher." The book belongs in the New Directions series of *The Makers of Modern Literature*. There are many brilliant pages in it, but there are also many pages of complicated verbiage that reflect confusion more often than profundity.

HISTORY

SINCE 1900. A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES IN OUR TIME, by Oscar Theodore Barck, Jr. and Nelson Manfred Blake. \$6.50. Macmillan. As a straightforward account of the major political and economic facts in American

history since the turn of the century, this book by two professors of history at Syracuse University leaves little to be desired. But in line with the "New" history, the authors also attempt to report some of the cultural affairs of the period, and almost invariably reveal themselves as poorly informed. Fortunately, their attempts in this direction occupy relatively little space. There are many reproductions of photographs, maps, a useful bibliography and a good index.

THE RESHAPING OF FRENCH DEMOCRACY, *The Story of the Founding of the Fourth Republic*, by Gordon Wright. \$3.50. *Reynal & Hitchcock*. This volume seems to have been planned as an extended essay on recent developments in French constitutional law, but the author's attempt to probe the surface of his subject has impelled him to write what amounts to a first-rate history of all postwar French political life. Although he nowhere goes in for polemics, the author's preference seems to be for the moderate elements in French politics: he is plainly fearful of *coups* from both the Communist and Gaullist camps. Mr. Wright, who is now teaching history at the University of Oregon, observed post-liberation politics in France from the vantage point of an advisory post in the American Embassy. He writes with a wide background knowledge of his subject and a keen wit.

THE SOUTHERN AMERICAS, *A New Chronicle*, by Abel Plenn. \$4.00. *Creative Age*. This is a history of Latin America told for the most part through the original documents (in translation) which figured most prominently in the development of the southern nations. Some messages and reports of Columbus, Pizarro, Cortés, Bolívar, Cárdenas and the two Presidents Roosevelt are included; as are a Papal bull decreeing freedom for the Indians, eyewitness descriptions of massacres by English pirates in South America and the diary of the American ambassador in Bolivia during that country's recent revolution. The documents, which are accompanied by explanatory texts, make up a mine of interesting source material.

PRESIDENTS ON PARADE, by Hirst D. Milhollen and Milton Kaplan. \$7.50. *Macmillan*.

This is a pictorial history of all the Presidents, from Washington up to and including Truman. Several of the illustrations appear here for the first time; others are reproductions of rare photographs, portraits or engravings. Very little text is printed with each picture; but that little is entirely informational, objective and impartial. Altogether, an impressive and useful volume. Mr. Milhollen is curator of the photographic collection, and Mr. Kaplan is cataloguer of historical prints, of the Library of Congress. Dr. Luther H. Evans, Librarian of Congress, supplies a brief foreword.

FICTION

WORLD WITHOUT VISA, by Jean Malaquais. \$3.75. *Doubleday*. Using a broad canvas, Jean Malaquais has written a major novel of the period in French life between Petain's peace and the occupation of Southern France by the Nazis. He is writing of the death of the European community and of the degeneration of all traditional standards of courage and integrity. Of the "bad" characters, few are Nazis, most are Petainists, collaborators, opportunists and cowards. The "good" characters are men who recognize the shared guilt of our times, who choose between greater and lesser evils. Despite, or perhaps because of, his political sophistication, Malaquais refuses to write of the dark night of the European soul in political rather than moral terms. Like every serious postwar European intellectual, he uses pessimism as a purgative in order to discover the hard usable core of integrity in a terrorized, death-ridden world.

THE OUTER EDGES, by Charles Jackson. \$2.50. *Rinehart*. Mr. Jackson's new novel traces the effect of a particularly brutal murder on the sensibilities of a pseudo-respectable suburban group, and finds that many in the group have repressed desires to destroy. His point is a simple and surprisingly naïve one. That each of us has, at times, an involvement in the criminal, that many of us seek catharsis through tabloid accounts of sex killings, can hardly be called a piercing or a novel insight into the mentality of our times. Jackson's novels represent a sincere and intelligent attempt to analyze our society by

examining its extreme types. He has a biting knowledge of the way things look and feel in the upper-middle-class segment of our society, and he possesses a graceful and accomplished pen. When he writes of this segment he writes with considerable power, but when he writes of the "outer edges," the dark unknowable areas of the human personality, he betrays a deep and perhaps fatal insufficiency.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE WIT AND WISDOM OF ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD, compiled by A. H. Johnson. \$2.50. *Beacon*. Dr. Johnson, who is professor of philosophy at the University of Western Ontario, London, Canada, has gone through the late Professor Whitehead's major writings in the realms of ethics, metaphysics, science, religion and education, culled from them nuggets of wit and wisdom, and arranged them under appropriate headings. The result is a small volume that is both stimulating and amusing, revealing a side of Whitehead that most people had probably not known of. A few examples: "The besetting sin of philosophers is that, being men, they endeavor to survey the universe from the standpoint of gods. . . . The chief error of philosophy is overstatement. . . . Human nature loses its most precious quality when it is robbed of its sense of things beyond, unexplored and yet insistent. . . . No science can be more secure than the unconscious metaphysics which it tacitly presupposes. . . . Religions commit suicide when they find their inspiration in their dogmas. . . . The Leibnitizian theory of the 'best of possible worlds' is an audacious fudge produced in order to save the face of a Creator constructed by contemporary, and antecedent, theologians." Dr. Johnson also contributes a brief but excellent biographical-critical introduction.

ESSAYS IN RETROSPECT, by Chauncey Brewster Tinker. \$2.50. *Yale*. There are fifteen essays here, mostly on literary and artistic subjects — Samuel Johnson, Joel Barlow, Shelley, William Morris, A. E. Housman, Trollope and "Ancestor Worship, with Some Remarks About the Sea Worm." They are all delightful, beauti-

fully written and at times truly profound. Dr. Tinker, who has graced Yale for nearly 45 years, is a kindly critic but an amazingly shrewd one — indeed, he makes nearly all the noisy literary critics of New York seem like difficult children in comparison. He gives Housman generous credit for his lyricism and craftsmanship, but he quickly adds, "Mr. Housman is often repetitive. One may assert too often that youth and beauty must presently lie down in the lonely grave." In another essay, "Hand and Soul," he chides artists for sneering at so-called common people, and he reminds them that even the bewildered businessman moves "about in a world in which he never feels quite at home . . . — a being 'rudely great,' to be sure, but still with the hallmark of a master workman upon him, a being capable of growth and, on the whole, worth saving." In the highly amusing chapter on ancestor worship, he smiles at the futility of most genealogical research, "for if you go any distance backward in your analysis you presently lose yourself in a crowd that is unflatteringly promiscuous." Besides, all lines end with Adam and Eve, whose conduct, according to no less an authority than the Bible, must be considered "deplorable."

RECORDS FOR THE MILLIONS, by Paul Whiteman. \$3.50. *Hermitage*. Mr. Whiteman probably has done more for the popularization of "jazz," using that word in its widest sense, than any other American, but he has done so, not as a mere fan or entrepreneur but as a musicologist of very considerable attainments. In this volume he begins by telling, a bit discursively, some of his early struggles and triumphs, and as he does so a solid and very important epoch in American musical history passes in review. The bulk of the book is given over to a listing of records of music of almost every form, symphonic, chamber, vocal, "jazz," etc., and there are also unusual listings such as Children's Records and Dramatic Readings and Sketches. Unfortunately the listings are not annotated, which detracts quite a bit from the value of the entire volume. But the book should find a place in every good record library. David A. Stein has "edited" the book. All things considered, he could have done a better job.

THE OPEN FORUM



IS GOD NECESSARY?

SIR: Old-fashioned theists, who believe in a God in the sky who answers prayers and looks after His creatures, will find little consolation in the New Look deity of Alson J. Smith. His article, "Is God Necessary?," in the July *AMERICAN MERCURY*, is apt to suggest that God is essential only to those who need a prop to bolster a slumping faith. Dr. Smith's deity is a metaphorical manikin on which you can hang anything you like, from a Victorian hoop skirt to a Hollywood swim suit. Drape it in any manner you please, or leave it without a stitch, and it is still as intangible as the hole in a doughnut. . . .

One argument alone sums up Dr. Smith's notions on theism. "There is one unbeatable testimony," he says, "to the reality of that spiritual world and of the Father, the Universal Mind and Parent, at its center. That is the religious experience of mankind. Men have *known* God."

But what does this signify? Men have *known* devils and demons as well as gods, and more of humanity have believed in evil spirits than in good ones. Knowing these imaginary creations has not made them objectively real. What of those who, under the influence of alcohol, have known pink elephants, or who have seen two-headed ogres in dreams, or known of non-existent beings in a delirium of fever? . . .

"God," as an abstraction, in the regeneration of derelicts, may have lifted a few dregs from the gutter, but how often has it produced ranting fanatics and apostles of the rack and the fagot?

WOOLSEY TELLER

*General Secretary, American Association
for the Advancement of Atheism*

New York City

SIR: In your article by Alson J. Smith, the author speaks of the spiritual world. There is no proof that such a world exists. The idea of a spirit

world is one of the inheritances from our primitive ancestors. Primitive man when he came across anything that he could not understand invented some supernatural being to account for it. . . .

It seems to me that if God had any concern for the welfare of the human race, He would give us some real proof of His existence. The only evidence we have now is the Bible and that is discredited because we know that at least some of it is untrue.

GEORGE B. JOHNSON

Port Hope, Mich.

SIR: Most modern philosophers believe that Kant has destroyed the force of the "five proofs of the existence of God" which Thomas Aquinas had laboriously developed and which learned theologians still cite with approval and confidence. Space is lacking for even a brief discussion of those proofs, or of the arguments which fatally punctured them, but the article in the July *MERCURY*, "Is God Necessary?," is a challenge to rationalists, agnostics and atheists which should not be allowed to pass without brief comment by some of them. . . .

More and more men do *not* claim any personal experience of God. That experience needs to be interpreted. We know Freud's interpretation, and Adler's, and that of the rationalists generally. They leave God wholly out of account. William James said God is merely one of several hypotheses, and he was a psychologist as well as a philosopher. Professor A. L. Rowse, an Oxford don and historian of distinction, says bluntly that even "the idea of God has been rendered superfluous." The . . . arguments of Mr. Smith have gone glimmering.

VICTOR S. YARROS

La Jolla, Cal.

SIR: The Rev. Mr. Smith's "Is God Necessary?" is clear-cut, honest, interesting and vastly entertaining. But successive readings leave me baffled as to his remedy for the neurosis afflicting almost every thoughtful adult today. Does he really endorse Dr. Jung's contention that without a belief in a personal God and immortality no cure is possible? If so, many of us would appear to be doomed. . . .

Why do Rev. Smith, Dr. Jung and many others assume that mortals instinctively yearn for immortality? Thousands of intelligent persons do not. . . .

Is God necessary? To millions who derive comfort and hope from a trustful belief that He is their devoted Father, yes. But to many sincere skeptics, no. To them God remains a perpetual mystery beyond the reach of finite minds. Without being morbid, they placidly await everlasting sleep when it is due, deriving from life full compensation in a persistent urge to make it more interesting and satisfying, and less painful for others.

JOHN HARWOOD BACON

Miami, Fla.

SIR: I could write another article replying to your correspondents but shall instead confine myself to commenting on one point made in the original article, *i.e.*, the question of the religious experience. Brother Teller seems to feel that this sort of experience happens primarily to people who are intoxicated or emotionally sick. I can assure him that his belief does not hold water in the cases of St. Francis, Prince Gautama, Thomas à Kempis, John Bunyan, Bernard of Clairvaux, John Knox, William Penn, Leo Tolstoy, Rufus Jones or Jesus. And for those of your correspondents, like Brother Johnson, who don't believe what a preacher says about the reality of the spiritual world, I can recommend that they ask a good psychiatrist to testify on the issue. Or one of the scientists who worked on the atomic bomb, like Harold Urey.

Psychic phenomena is the frontier of the future. We stand on the threshold of great discoveries. The conventional brand of skepticism displayed in these letters will soon be as extinct as the brontosaurus.

ALSON J. SMITH

Stamford, Conn.

MORE ON HAIR TURNING WHITE

SIR: After reading the item about Dr. Streckler's mother and her hair turning white overnight

[see "The Skeptics' Corner," by Bergen Evans, for last May], I was reminded of the story my father used to tell, about a locomotive engineer, who was a neighbor and friend of our family.

This happened about the year 1897, at the historical burning of the forest and town of Hinckley, Minnesota. Many people lost their lives in this fire, and many saved themselves and their children by plunging into the lake near the town, sharing the lake with savage animals, savagery being forgotten because of the terrorizing fire in the trees overhead. Rob Dowling ran his train into the burning town, pulled out with as many people as could pile on, ran his train full speed across the burning bridge, taking the one and only chance of escape. As the rear end of the train passed safely over, the burning bridge collapsed. The train pulled into the next station, stopped, and as Rob pulled off his cap to scratch his head, people waiting at the station yelled, "What happened to your hair, Rob?" It had turned white as snow.

In those days, fifty years ago, rewards were not given for heroism, but the pride and admiration that my father put into the telling of this true incident always brought tears into the eyes of his listeners.

I am sure you will be able to find old-timers in the Hinckley vicinity who can, more accurately, tell you of this experience which turned Rob Dowling's dark hair white in a few minutes.

A. BROECKER

St. Paul, Minn.

SIR: The forest fire which devastated Hinckley occurred in 1894. The *Federal Writers' Guide to Minnesota* says of it (page 295): "The hero of the disaster was Northern Pacific's engineer, Jim Root, who backed his train through a wall of flames and on over the burning Grindstone Creek bridge all the way to Duluth. He saved 350 lives, but his hands were burned fast to the throttle."

There seem to be some discrepancies between this account and Mr. Broecker's, but perhaps they can be reconciled. Hinckley has two railroads, and the Great Northern probably has trestles as inflammable and engineers as heroic as those of its rival. Or it may be that Root (or Dowling), being a modest man, changed his name to escape the embarrassment of continual eulogy. His hands, like those of Esau, may have been hairy and it may have been the white ash of those hairs that moved the Minnesotans to amazement as he raised a charred stump to scratch a singed poll.

BERGEN EVANS

Evanston, Ill.

THUMBS UP, THUMBS DOWN

SIR: Bergen Evans writes in "The Skeptics' Corner" for May that "when a gladiator lowered his arms as a sign that he was vanquished the Romans pressed *down* their thumbs if they wished him to be saved (*pollices premebant*) and turned them *up* (*pollices vertebant*) if they wanted him to be killed."

Actually, whether the Romans turned the thumb up or down as a signal of death to the defeated gladiator is still conjectural. I don't see how Dr. Evans can be so positive which direction meant which. At best he should have said that it isn't certain what the gesture was.

I'll agree that the Romans didn't say the equivalent of "thumbs up" or "thumbs down." However, Evans shouldn't have translated the expressions in the plural. The Roman authors used *pollice* or *pollicem*, the singular. I think Evans would have had difficulty in finding the expression in the plural.

The difficulty lies in the translation of *vertere*. It means simply to turn and doesn't say "up" or "down." The Romans could simply have turned the thumb *toward* the victim!

Evans' reference to Horace is not enlightening since the line in the *Epistles* doesn't have the word *vertere*. The line says, simply *utroque tum laudabit pollice ludum*, i.e., "will praise your play [sport] with either thumb [each thumb]." Horace doesn't say anything about the position of the thumb. As for quoting Anthon's notes as Evans does, all I can say is that Anthon wasn't there. That's only his guess. . . . I can give you the equally great scholar Mayor who with his cohorts says turning the thumb down meant death.

All I wish to imply is that neither Evans nor I can be positive just what the position of the thumb was. I like his debunking of popular misbeliefs, but what's the point of trying to debunk by evidence that can't be proved or has not yet been proved? . . . If Evans is interested in pursuing this topic further he can read "Thumbs Up—Thumbs Down," by Thomas H. Briggs in *The Classical Outlook* for January 1939. After he gets through with that, he won't be sure one way or another.

MORRIS ROSENBLUM

Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIR: I kiss Mr. Rosenblum's scholarly rod and will strive hereafter to be more truly skeptical.

It isn't merely a matter of pitting one authority against another, however. Unless Anthon

made up *pollices premebant* and *pollices vertebant*, which he cites in illustration, there is more to it than his conjecture. They are plural and the best lexicons define *premo* as "to press down" and *verto* as "to turn up."

I regret that *The Classical Outlook* is not available for my inspection, but I hardly need it to shake my assurance. Mr. Rosenblum has done that.

BERGEN EVANS

Evanston, Ill.

MARGINAL NOTES ON VERMONT

SIR: Even as a minority report, Barrows Mussey's "The State of Vermont" in the May *MERCURY* seems to me to leave much to be desired.

He writes of Alexander Woollcott and Sir Wilfred Grenfell as rushing home to Vermont "whenever they get a moment off. . . ." From where?

And he says it is hardly safe "to mention margarine above a whisper in Vermont." He should take a good look at the stacks of margarine in any Vermont super-market, as well as the piles of "foreign" butter, and he'd realize that a good many Vermonsters don't give a damn about protecting the dairy industry of their native state.

And we'd like to see just one of the submarines he says were built on Lake Champlain. Mr. Mussey may have meant PT boats, the "sub-chasers," of which a few were produced in this area.

LUCIUS JACKSON

Burlington, Vt.

SIR: Mr. Jackson certainly deserves a reply. . . .

As for Woollcott and Grenfell, I didn't think it would be necessary to remind *MERCURY* readers that they were dead, or to insert one of the funereal typographical daggers used in German books as a conventional sign of mourning.

The comment on margarine was an obvious use of hyperbole; it was not intended to be taken literally.

About my inexcusable submarine vs. sub-chaser blunder—I can only plead that I discovered it before Mr. Jackson, but not long enough before. I am glad to have it pilloried in the interests of accuracy.

BARROWS MUSSEY

Brattleboro, Vt.

SIR: . . . I want to give a shout over your Vermont article in the *MERCURY*! It's just right,

as is everything Mr. Mussey writes about Vermont, and is a delight to the heart of this ancient Arlingtonian. . . .

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

Arlington, Vt.

PITY AMONG ANIMALS

SIR: Being a long-time admirer of Alan Devoe, I hate like the deuce to have to take him up on anything — but I must beg to differ with him on his statement, in the June "Down to Earth," that animals know nothing of compassion.

In this article he claims time and again that only Man can know pity and tenderness, and that the beasts act through instinct and a kind of unconscious wisdom, but never through compassion. While I can't claim anything like the nature-knowledge that he has, I have heard and read of too many instances where animals, particularly dogs, have shown all the earmarks of the emotion of mercy. Irvin S. Cobb and Albert P. Terhune have told of dogs who carried their own food to a trapped or wounded fellow. I have an article from an old *Good Housekeeping* which tells of a coon-dog in Virginia who kept a companion-collie alive for days, when the latter was caught in an abandoned mine-pit, by taking his own dog-biscuits to her, going hungry himself that his friend might be fed. If that isn't self-sacrifice and mercy, what is it?

I read in *Nature*, in an article by Ivan T. Sanderson, of a captured cow-elephant who was "rescued" by two males of her herd, and, being wounded in her legs, was supported between them exactly as a wounded human would be supported by two compassionate and helpful companions.

Perhaps such instances of the emotion of pity are rare in the animal world, and perhaps they are more frequent than we know. But to make the sweeping claim that only Man knows mercy, in the face of evidence to the contrary, is being something less than just to our animal kin. If the Earth must depend only on Man's mercy — then Heaven have mercy on us!

LEAH BODINE DRAKE

Evansville, Ind.

SIR: It is true that animals have impulses of affection and cooperation, even as have we. From the time of Kropotkin's *Mutual Aid, a Factor in Evolution* down to Professor W. C. Allee's *The Social Life of Animals* a few years ago, the matter has been given a great deal of attention by scientists and naturalists.

As I have tried again and again, however, to make clear, it is one thing to act upon impulse and a very different thing to act upon intellectual concept. The difference, indeed, is precisely what gives us our distinctive humanness, and makes us inhabitants (I do not say praiseworthy ones) of a world of moral values.

The psychology of an animal is very like the psychology of a small child. Give the child a rabbit. If its impulse of affection is aroused, the child may pet and fuss over the bunny and lavish tidbits upon it. If, as is equally possible, its destructive impulse is aroused, the child may very likely pull the bunny's ears off, all in the same spirit of innocence and glee. The question of "compassion," of "mercy," simply is not involved. Thoughtful adult man can entertain these abstractions, and live for them and die in their name. But a little child cannot, nor can a weasel or a wolf.

It is as natural and native a thing for a dog sometimes to feed or help another dog as it is, in another season and under another impulse, for the two dogs to team together and kill a third one. It is natural, and neither culpable nor laudable, for cats to toy with twitching mice and for mother rabbits usually to be solicitous of their young and for excited or meat-hungry mother rabbits to kill their young and eat them. What does not come naturally to animals — what does not come to them at all — is to feel the potent demand of animal impulse and to override it, for the sake of an understood moral consideration, by an act of the rational will.

ALAN DEVOE

Hillsdale, N. Y.

TAFT'S SMILE AND OTHER MATTERS

SIR: Will someone please tell me why Senator Taft always has his picture taken with a wide grin on his face, as in the cover picture appearing on the June AMERICAN MERCURY? Is this the fault of the photographers or is it Mr. Taft's idea that a great, wide grin is some sort of asset to his popularity?

I for one feel that a man in public life should have himself presented in a serious, sober mien. Even professional entertainers are not presented continually to the public with a wide grin on their faces.

My first vote for President was cast for Mr. Taft's father, but I believe that if any one thing would make me vote against Mr. Taft, it would be the pictures which you see of him whenever

you pick up a magazine or newspaper. I assure you I am not alone in this sentiment.

R. T. DILE

New York City

SIR: There are several inaccuracies in your June article on Senator Taft. Mr. Kenneth Crawford states that "prices . . . continued to rise in defiance of Republican predictions that they would submit peaceably to the law of supply and demand once rationing was discontinued and the free enterprise system given a chance to operate." He fails to mention the feverish action of the government to bolster prices; the burning of plentiful potatoes with the aid of scarce kerosene; the government support of the unions' demands for increased wages which bolstered prices. Truman could reduce prices overnight by returning to the gold standard. . . .

WILLIAM R. BEBEE

Troy, N. Y.

SIR: After reading Kenneth Crawford's appraisal of "Taft the Presidential Candidate" in the June *MERCURY*, I think you were generous in giving Taft the use of your pages for a rebuttal.

In foreign affairs Taft has always guessed wrong. It's about time he admitted his rôle in leading the fight to destroy price control, thereby picking the pockets of the American people to the tune of \$2.5 billion. His egotistical appraisal of himself is becoming a national joke.

When the votes are counted . . . he will probably be willing to let God and the rest of Congress have a word to say, and acquire a better idea of his own value to the country. . . .

JONATHAN P. FOSTER

Martinez, Cal.

SIR: . . . Mr. Kenneth Crawford says that Taft's kind of thinking about foreign menaces "raises doubts about his capacity to consider very seriously the need of stopping the new totalitarian aggression, however outrageous the aggressor's conduct." Now it was through no urging of Senator Taft's, or his colleagues, that Communist activity was made easy in the United States. The welcome mat was put out for them by the New Dealers and their planned economy program. Now the New Dealers and their left-wing liberals want us to put on the boxing gloves and fight with the "outrageous aggressor," and if we do not fight their way we are isolationists. I believe Senator Taft's program of good philosophy in government would have blocked any such attempts on the part of Communist agents.

As for Senator Taft's love for American tradition, I would not attribute that to the Senator alone. All real Americans like it. Who are those people who have migrated back into the most traditional quarters of America, even bought homes and searched for antiques to restore all this tradition, and then have sat back with their knitting and weaved wild yarns about the virtues of honest men? . . .

MRS. DAVID N. HULFISH

Alexandria, Va.

ON GOOD COOKS AND BAD

SIR: In the March *AMERICAN MERCURY* the "Soap Box" contains a contribution entitled "Women As Bad Cooks," by a man who signs himself "H." I have been a bachelor off and on for many years, and a very excellent fry cook. But to have the temerity to boast about my superiority in this field of activity over the fair sex is something I would approach with trepidation.

The chap who wrote this item has planted "dangerous thoughts" in your page. Don't you recognize the divide-and-conquer technique?

If your magazine had a larger circulation, this could easily touch off an internecine struggle, seriously interfering with our national defence, and which obviously could only be settled by the intervention of UNESCO. . . .

S. I. H.

Santa Fe, N. M.

SIR: . . . Because there are so many excellent woman cooks, they never make the headlines and very seldom even the back, inside pages. It's a matter of man having to bite dog. . . .

I have a husband who makes wonderful (and I mean it) spaghetti sauce, salad dressing that is out of this world, and barbecued spareribs that are so good we make gluttons of ourselves when he is *in the mood* to serve them. . . . Now, I could serve up the selfsame dishes and no one would say a word. My efforts would be taken for granted. . . .

DORIS W. MARVIN

Irvington-on-Hudson, N. Y.

A NOTE ON MARION DOYLE'S POETRY

SIR: I note with interest the inclusion of Marion Doyle's poem, "In a Cemetery," in the May issue of the *MERCURY*. It is my opinion that she is one of America's poets of note. I hope you

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I would also like to commend the publishers on a very fine work in putting out so informative and stimulating a magazine.

REV. JOHN D. FOERSTER

Stoystown, Pa.

JEFFERSON, FREEDOM AND THE CHURCH

SIR: In your "Open Forum" of March, S. Miles Bouton discusses two encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII, namely: *Immortale Dei* and *Libertas, Praestantissimum*, and suggests that Leo XIII has therein condemned political liberty and liberty of conscience.

It is evident that Mr. Bouton has not read either of the said encyclicals, in Latin or in an English translation. In those encyclicals, the Pope was careful to point out that he was referring only to Rousseau's axiom, "Every man is a law unto himself," and to Kant's moral principle that "Man should obey nobody but himself."

Leo XIII developed the principle that "the faculty of committing sin is not a liberty, but a servitude," and, in support of this proposition, he quotes St. John VIII, 34, as follows: "Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin." It is true that Leo XIII condemns anarchy; but it is also true that he defends the kind of liberty which Thomas Jefferson had in mind when he used the phrase, "Inalienable rights," in the Declaration of Independence.

Moreover, Mr. Bouton states that, in the *Syllabus of Errors*, Pope Pius IX condemned freedom, or words to like effect. His statement is not merely untrue; it is preposterous. The fact is that the *Syllabus of Errors* is anonymous. It was not marked, signed or sealed by Pope Pius IX or by any other Pope. The said *Syllabus* contains 80 propositions set out as a Table of Contents (or Index) to subjects contained in various documents written by Pius IX. The said *Syllabus* is not an official act of the Pope, and was not intended to be read by the public. It was prepared for the convenience of bishops, who were required to read the full text of the various documents to which it is an index, and only an index. If Mr. Bouton has sufficient knowledge to do some research work on this subject, he will be amazed at his present erroneous assumptions.

A. L. ALLAN

Vancouver, B. C.

SIR: Mr. Allan's statement that it is "evident" that I have not read the encyclicals of which I

wrote is an insulting remark so typical of Catholic polemics that I disregard it. I have read both, and in Latin, and my daily Bible reading also includes the Vulgate. That Leo XIII defends the kind of liberty defended by Thomas Jefferson is a statement which displays abysmal ignorance of what Jefferson stood for and what Americanism means.

My statement that Pope Pius IX "condemned freedoms, or words to that effect," says Mr. Allan, "is not merely untrue; it is preposterous. The fact is that the *Syllabus of Errors* is anonymous. It was not marked, signed or sealed by Pope Pius or any other Pope." That is, it had no parentage; like Topsy, it just grew.

The *Catholic Encyclopedia*, copyright 1912, *nihil obstat* by Remy Lafort, S.T.D., Censor, *imprimatur* by John Cardinal Farley, Archbishop of New York, discloses that after various commissions had considered a *Syllabus of Errors*, a new commission was appointed by Pius IX. It goes on:

"The commission took the wording of the errors to be condemned from the official declarations of Pius IX and appended to each of the 80 theses a reference indicating its content, so as to determine the true meaning and the theological value of the subjects treated."

Pius published his *Quanta Cura* encyclical on December 8, 1864, "and on the same day," says the *Encyclopedia*, "by commission of the Pope, the Secretary of State, Cardinal Antonelli, sent, together with an official communication, to all bishops the list of theses banned by the Holy See.

Its title was: *A Syllabus containing the most important errors of our time, which have been condemned by our Holy Father, Pius IX, in Allocutions, at Consistories, in Encyclicals and other Apostolic Letters.*"

This is a unique form of anonymity of a document which, says Mr. Allan, "was not intended to be read by the public."

The *Encyclopedia* says further of it:

"Even should the condemnation of many propositions not possess that unchangeableness peculiar to infallible decisions, the binding force of the condemnation in regard to all the propositions is beyond doubt. For the *Syllabus*, as appears from the official communication of Cardinal Antonelli, is a decision given by the Pope speaking as universal teacher and judge to Catholics the world over. All Catholics, therefore, are bound to accept the *Syllabus.*"

Yet this "anonymous" document was not "intended to be read by the public," even though the Catholic public is "bound to accept it."

S. MILES BOUTON

Ashville, N. Y.



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Savings Bonds pay back four dollars for every three, in just ten years. It's an investment that's *safe*—it's an investment that *grows*.

And to make it simpler still, your government offers you two fine plans for their purchase: (1) The Payroll Savings Plan at your firm. (2) For those not on a payroll, the Bond-A-Month Plan at your bank.

AUTOMATIC SAVING IS SURE SAVING - U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

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